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THE FAIRY SURPRISED.

FROM UNPUBLISHED MEMOIRS OF A BELIEVER IN DREAMS.

Cobardes son los ecos
Del amor mio,
Que nunca el que bien quiso
Fui un atrevido:
Si llega a serlo,
Sera son ontras causas
Que yo no tengo.

COPLA. ANON.

—'It is often alleged that the present appearance of life is prosaic. This is a vague term at the best; but here it may be understood to imply, that in the actual state of things there is little to excite the imaginative, in contrast with the logical faculties:—no element of grace or variety; and that it rarely presents us with any thing very characteristic, strange, or beautiful. I could never bring myself to admit the truth of such assertions; believing that poetry, the opposite to prose, is an element of the inmost nature of man,—and that it cannot, as these complaints would seem to imply, fall away, like a mere mask, from the shrivelled face of life. On the contrary, instead of a facitious and outward covering, dependent on accident or time, it should rather be deemed an ingredient in the heart's-blood of human nature, pervading it with infinite and inscrutable currents, and coloring its complexion as long as it continues to exist.—There is no doubt that the face and relations of society have undergone great changes within the last century; and that we should now seek in vain for many of the forms in which older poetry delighted. If we would pursue the marvellous or the affecting, they are to be found in other ways than those where they used formerly to appear. The striking colors, the contrasts, the vehement display of individual character and passion, which once arose on every hand, are now scarcely visible. Of this external dress the picturesque of life has indeed been deprived. But it is not to be inferred from hence that the real body no longer lives or speaks. The language is not extinct; its symbols, although

changed, are still intelligible, they are daily read by all: but we are not yet accustomed to the new manner of speech, and therefore call it by a number of strange names.

I do not pretend to translate its many characters: all that I maintain is their certain existence. A clear eye may even now detect them; and, before long, their meaning will be as generally known as that of any earlier writing traced by the finger of poetry on the sand whose grains are human lives. But I would ask—are all the old letters quite worn out? Before this is affirmed, let us recall what we may have observed in others or have ourselves felt while agitated by any strong passion, when pining with desire or sick with expectation; and reflect whether all the utterances of these were nothing but bare prose. We may inquire what is the key to these emotions so mysteriously awakened by the presence of some objects or the hearing of certain sounds,—whence proceed the differences of the seasons of day and night—and what is that which so remarkably quickens the senses in any object greatly loved or hated? Some may have witnessed the sudden rising of a crowd, even of the rudest, to a height of emotion far above their ordinary level, when touched by a master's hand:—what fibre of their natures does this electrical impulse set in motion? And, to end with a matter familiar to all, what are the wonders and pleasant devices exhibited, to the varietal clod in being, by the spiritual agency of sleep?

To me the last named class of appearances alone would give a sufficient reply. I ought, however, to confess, that I have always attended to them with singular care and delight, as a willing believer in the auguries of dreams; and not without reason. It would not be difficult to prove, by arguments drawn from the phenomena of sleep, that a hasty ridicule of this assertion would be unbecoming in a philosopher. But here I have nothing to do with controversies;

and shall simply declare that, besides the mere enjoyment of charming phantasmagoria, which have accompanied my sleep since infancy, I have more than once experienced the presence of a more important agency in dreams. Thoughts and inventions, which the world has received with some favor, have continually been imparted to me in this way; glimpses of coming occurrences (although more rarely) have been discovered during sleep; and dispositions and acts, influenced by the recollection of a vivid and affecting dream, have determined more than one cardinal event of my life. To some of these I recur with untired interest, recalling the strange delight which they gave at the time, and the passiveness of obedience to their suggestions,—not without wondering, both then and now, at the consequences thus produced. One of such instances occurs at this part of my history; and, as it greatly affected the happiness of my remaining life, it must be related in some detail. The grave and indifferent may as well skip a dozen pages; but I hope the while to convert another class of readers,—

Leggiadri amanti, e donne innamorate,
Vaghe d'udir piacevol cose e nuove,

to the belief that all is not yet bare prose, even in the commonest existence.

I therefore proceed to relate what happened in this Autumn of 1817: the year in which, it will be remembered, I became of age, and succeeded to an independent fortune, which, if not considerable, was at least competent. I left in London a home full of cheerful faces, and a pleasant circle of acquaintance, to travel on the continent, with all the buoyancy and thirst for change and adventure, which belongs to youth, health, and sanguine spirits. On my way to embark at Southampton, I turned aside for the festival which was held in that year at Salisbury; having always been allured by music, wherever it was to be heard. The scene was calculated to raise even the duller spirits. The city, although not absolutely beautiful, is at all times redeemed from tameness by its noble cathedral, which, in site, has so much the advantage of York. In this finest of all fine Autumns, the streets and the surrounding meadows were alive with throngs of holiday people, and crowded with the beauty of three counties. I have always thought that the English gentry show more disposition to be gay at the celebration of these festivals than at any other season;—perhaps because it is a pleasure both national, aristocratic, and time-honored:—at all events, unless it was the light of my own spirit, which was reflected upon them, I never saw more of the appearance of enjoyment than in the assemblage of notables and beauties gathered at Salisbury on that occasion. The music was unusually good; and there was so much on all sides to amuse and occupy me, that I did not remember, until the day of the fancy-ball—the last of the festival—that I was without a companion or an acquaintance in the place. On this occasion, however, the sense of loneliness was not agreeable, as it was not enough to feast my eyes only on the engaging Bohemans, Cowslips, and Erminias, that flitted about on the arms of various exotic characters, looking (as my dear country-

men always do on such occasions) miserably ashamed of themselves. The *coup d'ail* was sufficiently effective; but the eye grew tired of the never-ending change of motley, and longed to rest on 'some bright particular star.' Mine I soon discovered: a girl, hardly seventeen, in the costume of Titania, as I supposed, from her gauze wings and silver wand;—and it so happened, when I first noticed her, that her partner, who had adorned his head and jaws with some species of remarkable hairy contrivance, struck me as an admirable substitute for the wearer of the ass's nawl. The dress suited the character of her face, which was exceedingly arch and winning, with an expression of brilliant gaiety quite dazzling; and she danced with a lightness of foot, which would have done her credit at a revel in Fairland. I placed myself where I could observe her uninterruptedly, and was soon enamored of her appearance to such a degree, that I grew fierce at seeing her dancing and laughing with others, while I, who was dying to approach her, could not find a soul to help me with an introduction. Chance, however, befriended me at a later period of the evening, when the opening of the supper-room, the access to which was through a passage or lobby, both narrow and crooked, set in motion the hungry paraders. In treading this *mawwan pas*, I was turned quite round by the sudden rearward charge of a very fat lady in a turban; and lo! there was my Fairy Queen, separated from her party by the crowd, and cowering in a corner, with looks, in which timidity and amusement seemed to contend. It was only a positive duty to approach her, for she ran some risk of being stifled: to address her cost me no little effort. I was confident enough in those days, but there was already awakened within me, by this lovely girl, something of that emotion which makes the most audacious timid. However, I summoned all the courage I could command, and (being in a troubadour's dress) accosted her with some attempt at the manner suitable to the assumed character of both, while I endeavored to proffer my service, which really was needed, until her friends should find her, as earnestly and respectfully as I could. At first she seemed doubtful whether she would at all allow it or not; but either fear, or the tone of the address, decided in my favor; and, by degrees, as for the time it was hopeless to think of stirring, her shyness wore away. No sooner was this restraint removed, than our conversation became very sportive and animated; and, as I was persisting in treating her as the Elfín Queen, she enchanted me with the spirit and fancy of her replies, although my self-love was not spared in the lively sallies with which she encountered my rhapsodies. In half-an-hour I was completely at her mercy,—utterly piked and captivated to such a degree that there was hardly any folly which I should not at that moment have been ready to commit, if it would have prevented her from defeating my wish to pursue her further. The moments were escaping, and I attempted in vain to discover who she was, and where she dwelt. Approaches which I thought dexterous and sudden were evaded with the utmost ease. I saw that from a circuitous

course I had nothing to hope; and at length was compelled in direct English to entreat that the Fairy Queen would tell me what was her name by day. To this plain request was returned a laughing, but peremptory denial, although I declared my own address and denomination, and used every means of supporting my petition that occurred at the moment. At length, with a sudden expression of the gayest naivete, she said: 'You are a stranger, then, in Salisbury?' 'A mere bird of passage,' I replied. 'And leave it for Provence or Palestine?' 'To-morrow,' was my answer, although I rather designed to remain. 'Oh!' she continued hastily, 'why should you then have been so troublesome?—if you had resided here, some one would surely have been able to introduce you to Miss Vane.' 'And if not,' I said, 'will you refuse to speak to me again?' She did not immediately reply, but seemed as if she had discovered some flaw in the medallion of her bracelet; and the instant she raised her eyes again, exclaimed: 'Oh, there is my party, and had disappeared between two Polish nobles and the devil, before I could ask another question, or persuade her to reply to my last. At the same time, the group which had covered her retreat drew nearer, and I was seized by the Prince of Darkness, in whom I had some difficulty in recognizing my school-friend Tempest—the (same whose adventure with the gipsy I have already related elsewhere.) He was a native of the city, but had only run down from his chambers in the Temple to be present at the ball which explained our not having previously seen each other during the festival.

'You are the very person I could have wished to meet,' I said, almost before he had time to express his surprise at finding me in Salisbury. 'Can you tell me who is Miss Vine—the young lady that ran past you this instant—where does she live?'

'O yes,' he answered, laughing; 'but what can you possibly have to ask about her? I saw her just now, looking quite charming, with a skewer or caduceus, or something wondrously like either, in her hand. She lives in the Cathedral close.' I was about to ask for more information, when he caught a glimpse of some lady at a distance; and, most inappropriately exclaiming, 'Thank God! there is the Madonna once more!' was out of my reach in a moment. I could not find the Devil or Titania again; the hour was growing late, and I supposed they must both have left the rooms.

It seemed that Tempest knew the lady. His family, with which I was not acquainted, lived in the city; but through his means I doubted not to obtain an introduction to her. It was some time, however, on the following morning, before I could discover the residence of his friends; and when I arrived there, I learned that he had departed for London by the early coach, so that my hopes in this quarter were at an end. After some deliberation, curiosity and eagerness got the better of reason, and I determined to invade the dwelling of my enchantress with no other guide than my own assurance. Whether she might have father, brother, or duennas, I did not at the moment trouble myself to discuss. I was resolved to speak to her again, if possible;—

vanity suggested that my presence would not be unwelcome, in spite of her assumed coyness; and youthful impertinence added, that if young girls will frequent fancy balls and ravish the hearts of all beholders, they cannot expect to be left alone. By considerations such as these I comforted myself on the way to the close; and before I reached the house, which was readily pointed out to me, I had decided that the course I had taken was in the highest degree natural and becoming, if not exemplary. I confidently inquired for Miss Vane, and was admitted.

The appearance of the room was not such as I could have expected to find in the dwelling of Titania. It had not a trace of the prettiness and elegance, which in some thing or other are rarely wanting in a place frequented by a refined young female. Everything looked cold, and pinched, and dingy. There were tall chairs with straight backs and faded cushions; a harpsichord with thin decrepit legs, looking a picture of shabby old age; and the mantel-piece was adorned with large shells, and pitchers filled with everlasting. On glancing at the walls, I was disheartened still further by the sight of much framed worsted work. I began to fear that I had made some mistake. In the midst of my qualms a creaking foot was heard in the passage—this could never be my fairy's!—the door was opened, 'and Telemachus know that he beheld Minerva!'

A tall gaunt figure, that had once perhaps been fair, and might formerly have been young, advanced into the middle of the room; and after a formal courtesy, stood expecting my address with a look of severe inquiry. The disappointment was painful—the position nearly desperate. I felt its absurdity, which was worst of all. 'I beg your pardon, but it was Miss Vane on whom I have taken the liberty of waiting,' was all I could say.

'I am Miss Vane,' she replied with a voice like that of a macaw; 'please to state your business.'

'There is surely some mistake,' I said—'some misunderstanding—your sister, or niece, perhaps; she was at the fancy ball, dressed as Titania.'

'Sir,' answered the spinster, with much bitterness, 'I have neither niece nor sister, and I was Titania, although I do not see what concern this may be of yours.'

The trick that had been playing upon me flashed upon my mind at this moment. It was a piece of deliberate wickedness on the part of my fair tormentor. I made an awkward attempt to cover the necessary retreat from this false position.

'Exactly,' I said; 'I fear I have expressed myself imperfectly. May I solicit a description of your costume, to appear in the list of the company which will be published in the *Journal of Monday next*?—thinking myself very clever that I had recollected the name of a paper which I had seen at the inn; but here, also, I was unfortunate.'

'This is some deception,' rejoined the stately lady. 'I have already been visited by the Editor, whom I know, and I suspect your intentions.'

Saying this she advanced a step nearer, looking at me with an expression of countenance which made me fear a seizure of my person. I was too much alarmed to reply, but bowed, and passing by her, fairly ran out of the house, without stopping until I reached my hotel.

Here I had leisure to reflect on the absurdity of my conduct, and the mirth which I had doubtless provided for the mischievous little fairy; it was a punishment of my coxcombry not the less unpalatable, because I felt it to be deserved. I had not even the satisfaction of discovering the name of her who had fooled me so completely. In a small neighborhood like this, the matter was sure to be made public, as the festival guests had now left it to its habitual dullness; yet I lingered there for two days longer, in the vain hope of catching a glimpse of my sweet enemy; but she was not to be seen; she had probably been merely a passing visitant, although she must, I conclude, have some acquaintance with the people of this city. For before I departed, I learned, from the cautious inquiries, enough to see how well the instrument of discomfiture had been chosen; the lady being celebrated for sourness of temper and unwilling maidenhood, which had on more than one occasion been vexed by mischievous pleasantries. There was nothing left but to digest the mortification as well as I could, reserving the purpose of an adequate revenge, in the improbable event of my ever meeting its author again; and to proceed on my way to France. As my vexation subsided, the recollection of her beauty and wit regained the ascendant, and in a few days I liked her all the better for the dexterity with which she had chastised my presumption: a little longer, and the entire adventure was effaced from my mind by other scenes and impressions.

Here, to continue the thread of the narrative, a period of five years must be passed over, the details of which will be resumed elsewhere. A short interval like this, when cheered with sorrow and mischance, is sufficient to work a startling change even in the most sanguine natures. No one who saw me return to England in 182-, would, I think, have recognised in the silent melancholy-looking man, timid and grave beyond his years, the same person who was so forward and light hearted at twenty-one. Death had made my home utterly desolate; sickness had barely ceased to drain the springs of my life; friends whom I had served and trusted had deeply injured me; and the pressure of some most harassing cares had subsided all elasticity of spirit. I was saddened by a review of the past, nearly aimless as to the future: it seemed as if my part was already played out, and that nothing remained but to drop the curtain. All that I had most loved was gone; my cherished delings had been disappointed, and the energy to advance in some other path was for the time wanting. I had, therefore, no refuge but in the scanty pleasures of the recluse, which have at least the advantage of being easily found, and little interfered with. These were the conclusions of a sick mind, impatient of the hard lesson which life teaches, and refusing such pleasures as it may still bestow, because it has taken those away which were chiefly desired. The

young, who are early tried with sorrow, rarely escape from this disease; but it is one which, if not too hastily encountered by some desperate act of rashness, is gradually relieved by the fresh growth of existence within. It is only the aged mourner to whom time and the hour bring no alleviation.

There was a visiter of the news-room which I used to frequent at Southampton, who appeared to be nearly as much of a stranger there as myself; a tall, eager-looking man, with a fine head thinly covered with white hair, careless in his dress, but with the unquestionable air and bearing of a gentleman. He seemed to be, like the subject of Beranger's song, *curieux et novelliste*, to an extreme degree; for I was sure to find him devouring all manner of newspapers, in his seat at the back window, at any hour between ten o'clock and noon. The accident of my preferring the same corner, the exchange of a paper, or some trifle of the kind, introduced us to each other. I found him intelligent and well-mannered; and as we continued to meet in the same place, an acquaintance gradually grew up between us. His remarks betrayed some reading and considerable knowledge of the world, with a vein of cynical humor, which was rather congenial to my own mood at the time. On one occasion, as we happened to leave the room together, the mention of a particular book led to an inspection of my library, which was a good one; and the manner in which he fastened on its choicer contents increased my liking for him. A common interest of this kind, and the weariness of utter solitude, disposed me to find pleasure in his society; and our intercourse, without any warmth on either side, by degrees became closer. For some months we met almost daily, and I received him as a frequent visiter at my lodging, without ever caring to know more of his history than that he was called Everard, was a widower, and resided in a house of his own not far from the town. At first I could not divine why he should have such a liking for my company, moody and taciturn as I then was prone to be; but I soon discovered that he came as much for the sake of my books as on my account. But as he was a pleasant and gentlemanly companion, I did not take any offence at a circumstance which relieved me from the effort to be entertaining at times when I happened to be more depressed in spirits than usual.

It was towards the beginning of winter that our meeting in this manner ceased. Mr. Everard no longer appeared at the news-room; nor did he visit me, as usual, to return the last book which I had lent him, and ask for some other. His presence had become so habitual to me that I felt annoyed as day after day passed over, and no one came to interrupt the solitude of those long November evenings; yet I was reluctant to inquire after him at his own house, so entirely had the wretched disease of shyness and unsocial distrust taken possession of me. The privation, however, filled up the measure of my weariness in the place; and in a sudden fit of energy, inspired by petulance, I packed up my wearables for Brussels, where I had still some acquaintances left. So impatient was I to fulfil the purpose of

instant departure, that I determined to proceed at once along, leaving my servant to follow, after he had disposed of my books and other valuables in proper custody. On the night before the intended journey, having taken a place in the London Mail of the next morning, I was visited by the first dream which concerns this part of my story. A little before day-break there came over me a feeling of delicious repose and cheerfulness such as I had not experienced for some years, whether awake or asleep. I seemed to be surrounded by an atmosphere of pearly clouds, like those which return the last rays of the moon when the sunrise is just at hand; and it was full of the voices of those whom I had lost, which were whispering to me on every side, with a softness that deprived me of all sorrow as I listened to them. Gradually the sounds became confused, and melted into a murmur like the faintest tones of an *Æolian* harp; at the same time the clouds were drawn aside, disclosing a sky of an intensely deep blue; and from the midst of this heaven there gazed down upon me, with looks of longing tenderness, a face, the sweetness and charm of which sank into my very soul. I cannot describe the expression of gracious and earnest affection which animated every feature; but the eyes especially, were soft and almost passionate in the regard which they fired on mine. It was this expression alone, combined with a kind of spiritual grace, that belonged to the world of dreams—the countenance I had seen before, but had utterly forgotten for years: it recalled the beauty of the Fairy queen. On being wakened from this pleasant vision, I felt as if a new life had been diffused through my frame. The impression of delight and fondness was too deep to subside for many days; and from this time it seemed as if the cloud which had lain on my spirits began to pass away.

The sound which had recalled me to common life was caused by my servant's entering to warn me that the mail would start in less than an hour. I cannot say how the connexion arose in my mind between the fascination of this dream and a reluctance to pursue my journey; perhaps because I had fallen into that kind of delicious reverie which exertion is apt to disturb. However this may have been, I felt as if I could be happy to remain where I was, and countermanded the arrangements for my departure. On the evening of the same day a note was brought to me. It was from Mr. Everard, to the following effect:—

‘I am a prisoner at home. The gout has fastened on both my feet, and I have no hope of seeing you for some weeks, unless you will favor me with your company here. It will be a great charity. I return Du Plessis Mornay. If you have the *Mem. de Tavannes*, pray send them as a corrective. Yours,—

There was no concealing that the *Marechal's* *Memoirs* had fully as much to do with this petition as any wish of Mr. Everard's to see me;—nevertheless, I was glad to have heard from him again, and called on the following day.

The appearance of his house convinced me that its owner was either a poor or a close-handed man. There was no absolute want that could

be pointed out; but the furniture and appointments were scanty and plain—there was nothing superfluous or elegant. It was left for later acquaintance with Mr. Everard to discover which of these suppositions was the correct one, and hereby to obtain a key to some other singularities in his habits and conduct which had puzzled me frequently. He was in reality a man of sufficient means; but a course of extravagance in early life had at one time rendered strict retrenchment necessary to repair his damaged fortune; and he continued the habit thus acquired, after it had ceased to be a duty.

With all this I was struck, on entering his sitting room, by the discovery of an ornament that I had little expected to find there. A lady's scarf and parasol lay on a side-table. He appeared to have noticed my surprise, for in replying to my condolences and inquiries, he said:

‘I fear that I am a doomed man until the winter is over. My attacks are always terribly obstinate. You see I am quite a cripple: and have been forced to send for a nurse.’ While he was speaking, the door flew open, and a musical ‘*Papa!*’ was followed by the entrance of a lovely girl, who came in with a bounding step, quite full of some question she had to ask or some news she had to tell. On seeing a stranger, she checked herself, blushed, and, subsiding into the elegant composure of a well-bred young lady, was about to retire quietly, when Everard asked her to remain, and presented me to his daughter Clarence.

I never saw a more beautiful creature; she was a perfect example of the rarest charms which seem especially to belong to English women, with a radiant complexion, luxuriant brown hair, and dark blue eyes, so large that they would almost have been a defect, but for the long fringes which shaded them, and the joyous light with which they seemed absolutely to glitter and sparkle. Her person was a little above the middle height, straight and slim, but exquisitely rounded, a perfect union of softness and grace, with a neck like a swan's, looking absolutely haughty; and, as I observed, (having a special eye to such endowments,) very small hands and feet. I was bewildered, as I gazed on all this beauty, and heard the silver tones in which the few words she spoke were uttered, by their association with something I had seen and heard before. In another instant I remembered the appearance in my dream. Yet this was by no means the same aspect. The Fairy Queen of the *Salisbury* ball—she, again, was different; a slender, childish, shadowy creature in comparison with this. Yet I could not help being reminded of her. It was probably a mere fancy, occasioned by the dream. This kind of speculation went on during the exchange of common-places that ensued on her entrance, in which she took little part, perusing me occasionally the while with glances as quick and brilliant as the rays thrown from a diamond; and having remained no longer than courtesy might require, took the scarf and parasol, and retired. After she had closed the door, Mr. Everard, as if to account for his previous silence concerning so interesting a relation, remarked, with true parental coolness, ‘She will find her-

self terribly dull here. In general she lives with her aunt, as I do not keep house for ladies: and after Bath, this kind of seclusion will be an unwelcome change to high spirits like hers.— But I hope it will not last very long.' With these words he closed the subject; but I could not follow him as readily as usual in any other; my eyes were still full of the beautiful apparition, and the tones of her voice were yet echoing in my ears. But she did not reappear: and after staying longer than I ought to have done, I willingly promised to repeat my visit, in the hopes of seeing her again. Everard's gout became worse; and I must confess that, for the first time since our acquaintance began, I took considerable pains to amuse him. He had now acquired a totally new value in my eyes. In a short time my frequent visits to Sandown became as much a matter of course as his to my rooms had formerly been. I saw Clarence constantly, and this was nearly all. Her father was not disposed to allow any third sharer in the conversation, which he entirely directed to such matters of politics or literature as would not be likely to attract or suit a young lady. I was, moreover, become diffident; and the more I admired her supreme beauty, the less I felt myself qualified to claim her attention. What she did occasionally contribute to the conversation was full of a spirit quite in unison with the formidable archness of her eyes; and the sensitive lonely man became afraid of the ridicule which he seemed capable of expressing so powerfully. Yet, if she did not herself say much she did not appear to be indifferent to the conversation; and while I was addressing Everard, the consciousness of her presence gave a tone to my expressions which assuredly did not make them colder than usual. I was, however, in an uncomfortable position, eager to approach one whom I could not regard without interest, and yet unable to do so; even constrained to repress the appearance of any wish, and seemingly removed farther from it accomplishment every day. The worst consequence of such a position is, that it tends to increase daily any sense of awkwardness or embarrassment that may have existed at the outset; while it irritates the feelings by the mere power of contradiction and makes them prone to all manner of extraravagances. It certainly required no peculiar arrangement of circumstances to account for the impression which the constant presence of such a being as Clarence Everard soon made on a solitary one like me, although I had thought myself past the reach of ladies' eyes. But I doubt if, in another time and place, it would have been so suddenly and deeply struck as I felt it to be before I had known her for a month. Of this I became most unpleasantly aware on every occasion when Mr. Everard named to his daughter (with needless frequency, as I thought) a certain cousin Will, who appeared to be a prominent figure in her history: and the burning of my cheek, and a restlessness that I could hardly control, told me that I was already so far gone as to be desperately jealous of a lady to whom I had scarcely spoken a dozen words, and who gave no sign of the slightest inclination to add to their number! Towards Christmas, Everard became still

worst, and the severe fits of pain to which he was subject used to exhaust him considerably. After one of these, he often fell into a deep slumber, after tea, to which my presence made no interruption: and it was during these periods that I began for the first time to converse with Clarence, in whispers, not to disturb the sleeper, as she sat netting with her eyes fixed on him.

What a fascinating creature she was when she deigned to open her lips on these occasions! An unforced liveliness gave spirit to every word she uttered, and almost made you forget that you were listening to thoughts and expressions far above the common level of a girl's discourse. She was very well informed, but everything she said was evident unstudied and natural, and flowed from her with a most delicious *naivete*, in all manner of fanciful and original combinations; so that her conversation alone, when she vouchsafed to afford it, would have rendered her absolutely charming to any one capable of following her quick wit, independently of her rare beauty.— Yet with all this there was a touch of decided wilfulness that overawed me. She flew from any subject which assumed an air of seriousness with the impatience of a butterfly; and my gravity and sensitiveness seemed to afford her an amusement little flattering to my vanity. I had not long conversed with her before I was convinced of her identity with the Titania of the festival ball. The difference in person and mind was not more than an interval of nearly five years would produce in perfecting the graces of both. The wit, self-possession, and archness were too peculiar to belong to two individuals; and the tone of her voice, now grown a little fuller and softer, had nevertheless a character which I felt to be the same that had charmed me before. I refrained from satisfying myself on this point by any direct inquiry. It was evident that she had not the least idea that we had ever previously met; which was not wonderful, as I was entirely changed since then, both in appearance and manner. Nor did I at all regret this, seeing that no man, particularly if shy and depressed, would seek to be associated with ludicrous images in the mind of a woman whom he begins to adore. This was now my condition with respect to sweet, unaccountable Clarence Everard.

Great was my disgust, therefore, to find, one evening in the new year, the very cousin Will of my fears seated at her tea-table, with the bearing of a familiar guest, and addressing my tormentor unconcernedly by her Christian name, like one on the easiest possible terms both with her and with himself. He was a tall youth, not ill-looking, but to my fancy, extremely assuming and priggish, and rather dull than otherwise; with a proneness to the tedious, and a profusion of small coxcombries of speech and manner, which I should have thought Clarence must have especially contemned. To my chagrin, however, she treated him in a kind of indifferent amicable way that increased my dislike for him: without any sign of preference, indeed, while she visited his *platitudes* now and then with a glance or a word so keen and quick that I wondered how he bore it without shrinking. At the same time, she seemed to permit, as a matter of course, a tone of intimacy that I could not avoid envying. He

was not in the least disturbed by her sallies, which he did not feel, or had learned the danger of resenting. With all this I felt myself thrown to an immeasurable distance. The brief and delightful dialogues which used to take place when Everard was sleeping were, of course, at an end; and another stepped between me and the object of my thoughts in a way that seemed to render all nearer approach on my part impossible. Hitherto I had not only felt the absence of any reason for hope; now I saw there was sufficient cause to despair of awakening any interest in her affections. Still I continued to frequent the house, although I seldom left it without a resolve to abstain in future from an intercourse which only became more mortifying to me on each repetition. But sometimes, when Everard would ask me to return on a particular evening, Clarence would raise her eyes for an instant, and look at me with a glance of inquiry—at least so I thought—and this was enough to secure my obedience.

I happened to be present on one occasion when she had been amusing herself by an attempt to mystify, in some way or other, cousin Will. It had been quite successful, and provoked him to say with some asperity; 'I wish, Clarence, that you would cease to make a jest of every one that falls in your way; the habit will one day or other place you in some vexatious scrape: remember how barely you escaped from that silly festival business! I thought that it might have served for a warning.'

'You should have thought just the reverse,' she replied, 'and rather admire my extreme self-control ever since, after once yielding to such a temptation. Mr. Fanshawe shall judge,' she said: and proceeded in the most gleeful and amusing manner to give me an account of my well-known Salisbury adventure, with less indulgence, of course, than appears in my own version, and with the most humorous exposure of my boyish forwardness;—adding a sequel which was new to me:—namely, that the spinner, (my ogress,) distracted between fears of robbery and hopes of a wooer, had, for weeks afterwards, prepared for the intruder's reappearance, by alternately mounting some choice piece of finery by day, and feeing a patrol to watch her door by night, until she became the town's talk. To this cousin Will, however, subjoined, first, that Clarence had actually been in Miss Vane's house at the moment of my call, and had nearly been caught by me in the sitting-room: and next, that she had indiscreetly imparted the story to some female acquaintances; and had great difficulty afterwards in concealing her share in the transaction, when by this means the trick became publicly known, to the exceeding wrath of the old maid—a relation of Everard's, and one whom he especially feared to offend, as she was rich, unmarried, and had no nearer heir than himself. It may be imagined how I relished the details of my discomfiture, seasoned with the most pungent drollery by the person of all others whom I chiefly wished to please: yet so happily were they told, that I could not avoid being really amused; and my wounded vanity was a little healed by her closing remark, which I was foolish enough to take *de bonne foi*, al-

though it was evidently meant solely as a punishment for cousin Will's lecture: 'After all,' she said, 'I have since regretted that he missed me; for, presuming as he certainly was, he was almost young and handsome enough to excuse it.' Shortly afterwards my rival retired, and as it was still early, I remained at Everard's request; but in a few minutes he began to doze as usual, and I had once more an opportunity of speaking to Clarence alone. I felt an irresistible temptation (encouraged, perhaps, by her last words) to reveal myself to her as the subject of her story, and did so at once without further consideration. The discovery took her completely by surprise; she started, and gazed at me most intently for some moments, as if trying to trace in my features any recollected traits; then, blushing all over, she only exclaimed: 'How you are changed, then!'—covered her face with both hands, and in spite of every effort, laughed until the tears trickled from between her rosy fingers. When this had partly subsided, she looked up again, and in a most charming way began to offer something like an apology; but the absurdity of the whole affair, and perhaps a slight degree of hysterical excitement, again overcame her, and she was interrupted at every moment by little gushes of laughter, sounding so fresh and joyous, that it was delightful to hear them, although at my own expense. At last, in spite of my mortification, the contagion became irresistible, and I echoed her so heartily, that Mr. Everard awoke. I felt infinitely obliged to her for explaining this unusual mirth to her father without betraying my secret; and I had reason to believe that she was no less generous in concealing it from cousin Will; from this time, whenever we were alone, I ventured to call her 'the Fairy,' which she did not absolutely prohibit. Yet I felt that I had taken a foolish step, and had placed myself more utterly at her mercy than ever; it had perhaps removed a little of the distance between us, but in a quite the reverse of favorable to my present position. I could see, as I thought, the utterance of some ridiculous allusion hovering on her lips at every moment, and only kept back by maidenly delicacy and good breeding; and was mortified by the conviction that I had inflicted this disadvantage on myself irrevocably.

Of this every day confirmed the impression: Miss Everard became, if possible, more unapproachable, and if she favored me by any notice at all, it was when she exercised her wit or fancy at the expense of something that I had happened to utter, and thus added to my diffidence and perplexity. This again increased the contrast between her bright spirits and triumphant beauty, and my own gloomy and sorrowful appearance; so that every day, while I more fondly admired her, I felt more thoroughly the folly of my pretensions. Mr. Everard also informed me about this time that cousin Will was destined to receive the hand of his lovely child, and thereby completed the measure of my mortification. The only way to avoid needless pain was to retire at once; and I had fully resolved to do so, when a second dream, to be described hereafter, changed my purpose, or at least weakened my resolution. It was an appearance of Cla-

rence, so delightful, so totally unlike her real bearing towards me, and left an impression so sweet and lasting, that I could not bring myself to forego her presence which constantly recalled the charming illusion. They who are too busy to give place to anything that is not material, will laugh at this confession; but they may be assured that in certain dispositions, and under some influences of solitude or grief, visitations like this have an absolute power which is seldom dreamed of by 'your philosophy.'

The object of Miss Everard's actual position, and of this brooding fancy, on the other hand, was to impart to my intercourse with her something of the far-off devotion with which a mystic regards the chosen saint of his prayers. I had ceased to entertain the slightest hope of interesting her affections: in her presence I rarely ventured to address her, and cherished in solitude the vision of a being so unlike her real self, as if this were the real object of my love, and she merely an image that recalled it. That such a prepossession rendered me still more absent and reserved than formerly, may be easily conceived; and many were the occasions which it furnished for the graceful irony with which Clarence seemed to take pleasure in disturbing me. Nevertheless, I had become gradually less impatient and dejected; it seemed as if the agitation of fruitless wishes was at an end, and I lived in a kind of visionary enjoyment, which the sight of her kept alive. In this singular condition I hardly noticed the lapse of time, as the winter wore on, and spring began to make its appearance. With the cold weather, Mr. Everard's gout slowly retired, and as soon as he was able to walk once more, the subject of his daughter's return to her usual residence began to be named. The incursions of cousin Will had continued at intervals throughout this period; we never liked each other, and I avoided him as much as possible: my chief intercourse was now, as formerly, with Mr. Everard, but the visits to Sandown were altogether fewer. I could be happy in dreaming of Clarence when alone; but in her presence there was always a sense of pain and estrangement, which all the ease of her address (for she now began to treat me as an old but common acquaintance) could not alleviate: add to this the introduction of another party into the small household circle, whom I have not hitherto had occasion to mention—an old lady who came with the new year, ostensibly as Miss Everard's guest, but in reality to act as her chaperon,—another cause which now kept me more at a distance from her than ever.

It was, after all, late in the month of April before her father's health was sufficiently restored to allow of Clarence's departure, which was to take place on the 29th. Cousin Will had not been seen since the 1st of the month, which was signalized by his being made a most distinguished 'April-fool,' his absence was probably caused by resentment of this displeasure from his lady-love. I was asked by Mr. Everard to dine on the day before she was to leave Sandown; and most reluctantly consented, knowing how much pain I must endure in this manner of leave-taking. Although I had re-

nounced all hope of ever being nearer to her than I was then, still it was a sad prospect to lose what had been the chief occupation of my mind and feelings for many months, and know that it was never to be restored again. It was, therefore, quite natural, that on the night before this last interview, I should dream of the subject which entirely overcame me; but I could not but regard it as something strange that my dream should be an exact repetition, in every particular, of the last to which I have adverted; especially as its tenor was quite at variance with all that I had ever seen of Miss Everard's feelings and demeanor towards me. Again the influence of the dream remained almost as strong after waking as before; and although fully persuaded that it was a mere pleasant illusion, I could hardly, even at this moment, refrain from forgetting the actual departure of Clarence in the contemplation of her image so graciously presented to me during sleep.

Those who have given the reins to fancy in this manner, are rarely exact in their worldly proceedings. It has always been a matter of wonder and congratulation to me that I completed my toilette without making some flagrant omission or mistake in costume: as it was, I entirely deluded myself as to the proper time, and presented myself at Sandown, more than an hour earlier than I ought to have done. Mr. Everard had tired himself with too long a walk, and was dozing in the study; Clarence was still in the drawing-room, as lively and tormenting as usual, but retired in a few minutes to dress. The aged lady, thank Heaven, had gone home the day before, so that I was left quite alone to my reverie, and in a few moments was as completely absorbed in the dream which haunted me, as though I had in reality been once more asleep. So vivid and soothing was its remembrance, that I quite forgot where I was, and sat gazing on vacancy in a kind of pleasant trance; even the entrance of Clarence, when she returned, did not break the illusion, but merely strengthened it, by being at once interwoven with the tissue of the dream. I must certainly have made a very singular appearance; for I neither rose nor spoke when she came in, but remained eyeing her with the utmost intentness, shading my forehead with both hands, and breathing quick, like one in a fever. No wonder that she was surprised at so unusual an exhibition! After observing it for a while, she at length dissolved the spell by asking:

'What has happened? Are you ill, or bewitching, Mr. Fanshawe? Pray, do not frighten me by looking as if a ghost was in the room!'

I started at her voice; but for an instant was still too much confused to reply sensibly. The first sensation I had felt was of anger at being interrupted in so delicious a reverie; and forgetting what she had said, I replied, with some pettishness, I believe,—

'Who is there!—oh! Miss Everard!—pardon me, I was dreaming, I am afraid,—yes, dreaming,—and so delightfully, that I am almost sorry that you awakened me!'

'You are always delightfully courteous, and quite happy in your selection of time and place

for such enjoyments,—and to-day more so than ever.' Saying this, she rose with an offended air, and added: 'Pray, try to recover your dream: I am going away.'

'Nay,' I said, with a most unusual degree of courage, 'I cannot recall it if you go, nor ever dream pleasantly again if you are angered, Fairy.'

She looked infinitely amazed at this address, but said, 'I do not understand a word of all this; surely it is some *proverbe* or May game; if so, let me have the key, that I may take a part in it with discretion before the others come down.'

'It is no such thing,' I said; 'but a dream, as I said, infinitely more delightful to me than any reality.' As I gazed upon her, she appeared for a moment curious or irresolute, and I felt as if I must at all hazards tell her the purport of my dream.

'I cannot guess riddles,' she answered; 'and I have at this moment no patience to spare; but I think you can only persuade me to forget how very rude you are, by telling me something really worth such a price.'

'Do not bid me,' was my reply, 'unless you will hear it patiently out—this, I think, would at least gain me a pardon,—yet, perhaps, you would not believe me, for it was of yourself that I dreamed.'

'Of me!' she exclaimed, with a doubtful look. 'Now, I must insist on hearing it. You are not permitted to take such excursions in my very presence, and then choose whether you will tell me or not.'

'Are you really in earnest, Fairy?' I asked, looking at her earnestly; 'for I am often at a loss to know how your pleasure is to be understood.'

'Quite in earnest,' she said, quickly.

'Then, if you will allow me to sit at your feet, I will tell you how I dreamed.'

She nodded, laughing, and I used the permission; while, resting her arm on the corner of the sofa, and shading her eyes with one hand, she listened as I related it with an intrepidity that I can only explain by the conviction that I was still less than half awakened from reverie, and was in a kind of excitement which put my usual diffidence to flight:

'I dreamed that I was standing at your side: where, I know not; but it was in a beautiful and flowery place, the air of which seemed to make everything that breathed in it tranquil and loving. We spoke together not as in real life, but with seriousness and entire trust on both sides; and it was as if all fear of your charming wilfulness had left me, or that grieved you; and at first I fancied that you were jesting, as of old: but when I looked into your eyes, they were changed. You were no longer the same Fairy at all: there were the same features, as beautiful as ever; but the expression was calm, almost mournful, and your eyes were like the centre of a heaven where all is deep and still. There now came over me a "nutterable longing to shelter you from some wrong or misfortune which I seemed to fear was approaching you; and just as I turned to speak to you, an eagle with golden beak and claws darted through the branches overhead, and flew upon you. Before

I could raise my hand you cried, and I saw that he had struck your brow with his beak, and made it bleed. Again the bird attacked you; but I drove him away. Then you became very pale and faint, so that you rested your head for support on my shoulder; and I did not tell you how willingly I would have shed all the blood in my heart to restore the drops that you had lost: for in my dream (I said how much sweeter it was than the reality!) I felt that you knew how entirely I loved you; but I only took your hand, and pressed it very softly; and I saw that you understood my heart: for you looked up towards me with an eye that said all this and more; and I felt your own fingers'—'For God's sake,' I said, as at that moment my story was abruptly broken off, 'do not mock me, Fairy! I only said it was a dream.'

I had unconsciously touched her hand at this passage; and I cannot describe the thrill which ran through my frame, the wonder and breathless suspense that moved me, as she gave me one look like that angel's glance in my dream, and her fingers slightly returned to the pressure of mine.

'Am I dreaming now?' I cried. 'O say that it is not so!'

'She whispered "No;" and as I looked up in her face, in an ecstasy of surprise and delight, she blushed crimson red and hid it on my shoulder. I rose, and gently drew her to my bosom. It was as if I had been struck by lightning! The suddenness of an event, so wholly unexpected, completely paralyzed me. I continued gazing upon the sweet burden, with my heart too full for speech. I could not even shed a tear, hardly drew a breath, nor did I venture to disturb a scene that seemed like some unsubstantial rapture, which a touch would again resolve into air.'

After some moments, she softly freed herself from my embrace, and, looking up with all her wonted radiance of eye, although it now swam in tears, she said to me,

'You have been too hard with me. I will hear no more of your dream; and again raised her hands to her brow, on which I impressed my first kiss, as I replied, 'There is no more, sweetest Clarence! You have made me too happy in waking—I forgot the rest.'

'I am afraid I have been very foolish, and you too headstrong,' she said, after a longer silence; 'but this is now past; and what shall I—'

The remainder of her speech was cut short by an apparition, which we had both been too blissfully engaged in looking at each other to observe before. It was no other than cousin Will himself; who could not, indeed, have been expected to look less spiteful and blank than he did, seeing his mistress in the arms of another. Clarence, thus caught, seemed for the first time afraid of him, and ran out of the room with a little scream, nearly oversetting her father, who was at the same moment tottering in at the door. But he did not, after all, escape without mischief; for cousin Will, who was addressing me in a very angry manner, happened to stamp violently at the instant when Everard had reached him, and damaged his tender foot so effectually

that his suffering, and the necessary call for relief, caused a diversion, by which I profited to recover a little *sang froid*, and prepare myself for the result of this most unhopd for happiness. The first thing was, of course, to give my rival a clear intimation that I was prepared to do battle to the uttermost for Clarence; and it was gratifying to see that his distinct perception of this fact, while it surprised him, in one whom he had always regarded as a shy, inconsiderable person, acted as a wonderful emollient of his anger. This took place while Everard was undergoing the process of fomenting and wrapping up the wounded member. It then fell to his turn to demand explanations of what had happened; and I found his displeasure by no means so easily checked as cousin Will's had been. To acquaint him with the real history of the declaration, and its success, which seemed quite as surprising to me, as it could be to him, would, of course, have been useless; he would have thought I was jesting with him. I therefore merely said that the prospect of his daughter's departure had wrung from me an involuntary avowal of feelings that I had long borne in secret, and that, to my infinite wonder and delight, I found them reciprocated; having, until that moment, never entertained the shadow of such a presumption. This it was naturally by no means easy to make Everard believe; and he turned, without replying, to cousin Will, whose opinion on the matter he requested to hear. I was really sorry for the conflict, which I could see was passing in my rival's mind, between the desire of revenge, and the apprehension of its consequences. Fear, however, prevailed; and he declared, with as much indifference as he could assume, that after such a proof as he had witnessed of his cousin's partiality for another, it was impossible for him to continue a suit, which she had, as he complained, never given him any reason to consider acceptable to her. This was even less satisfactory to Mr. Everard than my discourse had been, and he sent to desire the presence of his daughter. She refused, however to appear, except in the presence of Everard alone. What passed between them I learned afterwards from her own confession to me; and it may be conceived with what pride and delight I heard, that this coy, brilliant creature, had long pitied and loved in secret the mel-

ancholy being, whose story had sunk deep into her heart, when I little thought she was listening to it. She admitted that, but for the accidental discovery of this morning she might scarcely have known how strongly the feeling had rooted itself there; but also affirmed that in no case she had ever liked, or would have bestowed herself upon her cousin.

Such was the perplexed web which I had to disentangle; a change so sudden and remarkable in the relations of all the parties, which had been brought about by the occurrence of my dream alone. I have dwelt so long on the main incident, that it will be as well to reserve for a following chapter the detail of the obstacles and anxieties which were to be encountered before I could fully obtain the precious gift which Clarence Everard had bestowed upon me. It is sufficient to say, that I at length triumphed over her father's reluctance and economic scruples; and that all the happiness I since have enjoyed has been the dower of her bright spirit and affectionate heart. It would possibly amuse some of my readers to hear that, in the final accomplishment of our mutual wishes, the interference of the same Miss Vane, who appears in the early part of this episode, was most whimsically effective. She never was informed of my identity with the intruder of former years, and has taken a great liking to my eldest son, who, I believe, will one day be her heir; but Clarence still threatens to betray my secret, wherever I venture to disobey any of her behests; although, as it has now been kept for twelve years, I think little of the menace.

With such daily reasons to rejoice in my singular good fortune, the cardinal point of which has been shown truly and without a word of embellishment, it will seem not unnatural that I should think reverentially of dreams, and believe, with the old poet, that 'they are sent from Heaven.' I may have occasion hereafter to furnish additional reasons for this faith, of a nature more striking, if less agreeable, than the preceding narrative displays. In the meantime I will only express a hearty wish that the gracious and gay, whom I especially addressed at the beginning of the story, may dream, whenever it may be most welcome and surprising to them, as sweetly and truly as I have done, of the being that lies nearest to their hearts! V.

From the Book of the Boudoir for 1847.

'I THINK OF THEE.'

BY LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

I.

I think of thee—when, bursting from the grove,
From her sweet dwelling in the greenwood tree,
The nightingale pours forth her lay of love;—
When dost thou think of me?

II.

I think of thee—in twilight's dewy shade,
In the effulgence of the sunbeam free,
In the pure radiance of the moonlight glade;—
Where dost thou think of me?

III.

I think of thee—with trembling tenderness,
With gushing tears of voiceless ecstasy.
With sighs that soothe, with grief that seems to
bless;—
How dost thou think of me?

IV.

Oh! think of me—until we meet again,
If kinder stars ordain such bliss to be;
For, sever'd far by mountain or by main,
I ever think of thee!

From Bentley's Miscellany for October.

A MYSTERY.

A STORY DERIVED FROM AN ITALIAN CHRONICLE

BY ISABELLA F. HOMER.

PART THE FIRST.

'L'uno di servitu, l'altro d'impero
Si gloria; ella in se stessa, ed egli in lei.'—TASSO.

It was a September night, soft, fragrant, and starlight,—one of those delicious nights peculiar to Italian skies, which the inhabitants of ruder climes vainly sigh to behold,—when to breathe the pure atmosphere, and to gaze upon the transparent firmament is, in itself, a joy too deep for words; and the soul lifts itself in silent thanksgiving to the God who made so fair a world! There was no moon; yet a dying glory, the last trace of departed day, lingered in the clear heavens, and shed its magic coloring upon the gardens of Pratolino, (that gem of the Appenines, the regal villa of the Medici,) investing with a soft shadowy beauty the glades and fountains, the lawns, the dim grottoes and bright translucent lakes, with which the taste and magnificence of the reigning Duke, Francesco de Medici, had embellished the Eden-like retreat. All was silence; the murmurs of the waters were hushed; the leaves stirred not in that breathless calm; the very air seemed to sleep! A stranger, wrapped in a dark brown mantle, was the only living accompaniment to the scene; his features were concealed beneath the flap of a large hat, and he was seated at the base of a statue of Pan, which was placed under the shelter of a clustering mass of myrtles, and overshadowed by two weeping willows, whose graceful branches kissed the velvet turf beneath, and fell like a verdant tent around him. As he sat in breathless expectation, mute and motionless as the statue at whose pedestal he reclined, the beatings of his heart became audible in the deep pervading stillness that reigned around. And who was he, that muffled stranger? What mysterious hand had opened to him at the 'witching' hour of night the gates of that prohibited retreat? How had he contrived to elude the vigilance of its watchful guardians? 'What business had he there at such a time?'

Guido Razzi was the younger son of a rich Genoese family. Nature had lavished upon him 'the fatal gift of beauty,' and the perhaps still more fatal one of deep sensibility; to these were added a powerful intellect and rare talents, the soul of a poet, the enthusiasm of an artist, and that ardor of mind which led him to treat whatever occupation interested him, less as a pastime than a passionate and engrossing pursuit. In earlier ages, when the red-cross banner waved triumphant over the seas, and the glory of Genoa, and the deeds of her sons, had spread,

her dominion from west to east, the youthful Guido's aspirations would perhaps have raised him to the ranks of her most distinguished warriors; like his forefathers, he would have become a hero; he would have made glory his idol, and spurning all meaner ambition, would have worshipped at no shrine less dazzling; but he had fallen upon other times, when all that remained to his country was the light of the past; the dreary *fuimus* which leaves to nations as well as to individuals nothing but the sterile and melancholy pleasures of retrospection!

His ardent spirit, chafing under the inactivity to which circumstances had doomed him, 'cabined, cribbed, confined,' by the indolent monotony of his father's house, sought for indemnification in the fairy land of Imagination, and devoted its energies to the worship of the Muses, and the cultivation of the fine arts. He quitted Genoa, and wandered through Italy. Rome beheld the young stranger within her walls, feeding the sacred flame of genius from whose pure sources at which the minds of Raphael and Michael Angelo had kindled into immortal lustre.—The shores of Pansilippo and of Mergellina had echoed to the accents of his voice, as 'dazzled and drunk with beauty,' he lingered in that enchanting clime and caught poetical inspiration from the aspect of Nature in her most seducing form. He stood by the tombs of Virgil and Sannazzaro; had meditated over the marble that encloses the dust of Dante; gazed with pitying eyes on the walls of St. Anna, in whose gloomy cell the gifted Torquato was then expiating the involuntary crime of having believed that a princess might be 'a love-mate for a bard!' lingered amidst the Euganean hills, near that quiet hamlet where the bones of Laura's lover repose; and visited every spot which had been sanctified to the memory of man by the presence and the sufferings of genius. And applause and renown had followed the footsteps of the youthful Guido in his pilgrimage; and the poets wreath had bound his brows at the Capitol! But this was not enough to satisfy the cravings of his soul; it yearned for a happiness still untasted; it aspired to triumphs in which his heart might lose a sense of its loneliness. What were the applauses of the multitude to him, since no fond heart echoed them, and beat responsive to his own? In this vague and dreamy state of melancholy, which, like the still, sultry gloom that precedes the tempest, is often the precursor of some devastating heart-quake, he reached Florence, then flourishing under the govern-

ment of that famous race of merchant princes, the bloodstained Medici, whose liberal protection of the fine arts, and unceasing efforts to render their fair capital the seat of learning and refinement, have not dazzled succeeding ages into blind forgetfulness of their many crimes, or sufficed to redeem their memory from the moral leprosy that clings to it.

During one of the excursions in which Guido loved to indulge in the lovely environs of Florence, with no companion save his 'thick-coming fancies,' he wandered to the domain of Pratolino, and, enchanted by the beauty of the scene, he flung himself in the grass, and dreamed the golden hours away, lulled by the murmurs of its waterfalls, and shaded by its magnificent trees. With his eye fixed upon the colossal Appennine, whose bold and rugged outline showed in strong relief against the bright blue sky, and towered above the voluptuous bowers that sheltered him, calm majestic, and severe, like the monarch of the fair domain, he admired the beautiful effects of the light and shade, the magical changes of coloring produced by the gradual transition from noon-day splendor to the more subdued glories of sunset; and, determined to perpetuate his observations, he returned thither more than once, and busied himself in transmitting to canvass the fleeting hues that had enchanted him.

One day, while he was thus employed and that he had embodied in the foreground of his picture one of his dreams of beauty in the form of a naiad rising from her fountain, and wringing in graceful disorder the long meshes of her streaming hair, the sound of footsteps approaching caused him to look up, and he beheld, issuing from a grove of platanus trees, a female figure, wrapped in a light zendada, her head covered with a veil so transparent, that, like a thin vapor floating across the disk of a bright star, as it shaded but could not conceal her beauty. She approached with slow steps, her eyes bent upon the ground, and apparently quite unconscious of Guido's vicinity. Beautiful she was, even beyond all that his glowing imagination had ever depicted to him of female loveliness; her movements were all grace, her countenance all harmony; and so ethereal and dream-like was her appearance that scarcely could he believe it was a 'mortal mixture of earth's mould' that moved before him. Motionless, and absorbed in the delight of beholding her, Guido followed with his eyes the fair vision as she slowly pursued the windings of the avenue; and when at last she disappeared, he felt like one from whom the light of the sun had suddenly been withdrawn. The naiad was untouched; the pencil fell from his hand,—his occupation was gone! and his heart, soul, and thoughts, ravished by the enchanting apparition he had just beheld, hovered eagerly towards the spot where she had vanished. In vain, however, when he decided upon following her, did he wander

through the woods and labyrinths of Pratolino,—in vain did he penetrate into its deep grottoes, and visit its clustering bowers; she whom he sought was no longer there; she had disappeared.

On the morrow he returned, and the next day, and the next; and during a whole week he pursued his vain research. The beautiful stranger came no more to the platanus grove; the avenue was deserted by her; and to the sickly fancy of Guido, the whole of that lovely region had suddenly changed into a desert,—the face of Nature had become discolored, and without a charm.

'Wert thou an illusion of my brain?' he asked himself,—a phantom conjured up by my heated imagination, or a living being sent to dazzle my eyes, and mock my hopes with a glimpse of thy matchless beauty, and then disappear for ever? Art thou an angel descended upon earth to give to its inhabitants a foretaste of Heaven, or a creature of this world revealed to me by the hand of Fate as the being who is to become a part of myself,—the arbitress of my happiness,—the sovereign lady enthroned within my heart? All that is most beautiful, most poetical, most sublime in the wonders of nature, and the treasures of art, unites in thy aspect, oh, incomparable being! Nor can aught of beautiful, poetical, or sublime, henceforth present itself to my imagination but as connected with thy divine charms. But, wherefore dost thou conceal thyself from me? Why wilt thou not once again appear to bless me with a look, to console me with a word? Henceforward my life is bound up in thee; and to thee alone does my soul turn as the source from which all its future happiness or misery must emanate.'

Thus the enamored Guido lingered day after day on the spot where he had beheld the fair unknown, Hope still whispering to him that she would again appear, and with delusive dreams feeding the flame that consumed his heart; and, night after night, when the closing of the gates at sunset warned him to depart, he would tear himself away from Pratolino sick at soul, bitterly railing at the weakness which he had suffered so fantastic a passion to tyrannise over him, yet yielding without a struggle to the infatuation which daily led him to the scene of his enchantment, again to hope, and again to be disappointed. His pencil was neglected; his books thrown aside; and all his favorite pursuits became intolerable to him; but in this period of moral suffering his poetical talent developed itself with rare perfection, and the woods of Pratolina daily echoed to the melody of his voice, as, sweeping the chords of his lute with a master's hand, the history of his heart flowed to his lips in verses tender and harmonious as those of Petrarch himself.

At last, one evening, as with reluctant steps and slow he prepared to leave the gardens, a female form appeared in sight, following him at a distance. It was not the adored unknown

(the eye of love could not for one moment be deceived;) she neither possessed her faultless contours nor her graceful movements; but his beating heart presaged that she came from her who was his destiny—nor had it deceived him. As soon as he had reached a spot where lime-trees spreading above, and myrtles clustering beneath, shut him out from the possibility of being observed, the fleet-footed damsel rapidly gained his side, and stopped him. With her finger laid upon her lip, she signified to him that he was not to speak, placed a letter in his hand, and disappeared, without breaking silence. The billet contained these lines:—

‘Be in waiting to-night at the garden-wall facing the north, near a little door fastened with a bolt, and overshadowed by two old cypress trees. *Silence and discretion.*’

Language cannot do justice to the felicity which these few words conveyed to the heart of Guido,—his feelings had been understood,—his love was returned! Long before night-fall he was hovering round the spot indicated; at last the door opened,—the taciturn damsel introduced him into the garden, guided him, without breathing a word, to the spot where the opening of this sketch describes him to have been seated, and, making a sign that he was to wait there in silence, she quitted him, and became lost to view in the deepening shadows of the trees.

And presently the pendent branches of the two willows were gently parted, and, light as a sylph, silent and spirit-like, the beautiful incognita stood before him, her fair cheek pale as the statue at whose base he was seated, her large eyes veiled beneath their long lashes, and bent timidly towards the earth. Guido, bending his knee to the ground, stretched out his arms towards her as though invoking a deity, and that simple act conveyed more eloquently than words perhaps could have done, the wonder, joy, and adoration, which filled his heart, and had deprived him of the power of speech; at least the incognita thus interpreted his silent homage. She was the first to speak; and soft, low, and musical, her voice completed the fascination which her loveliness had exercised over the feelings of the young Genoese.

‘Guido,’ she said, ‘the step I have taken,—the expedient to which I have had recourse, are convincing proofs that our souls understand each other, and that mine abandons itself with implicit confidence to the loyalty of yours. Forbid it, Heaven, that this fond trust should prove to be as misplaced as it is blind! The sentiment which has subjugated us both may lead to our mutual perdition—yes, mutual. Do you hear me?’ she continued hurriedly, perceiving the agitation of Guido, and drawing nearer to him. ‘Listen, then, without interrupting me, for these precious moments are full of solemn import. I know you, Guido! I have known you ever since the day on which I appeared to you in the platanus grove; unseen by you, I then be-

held you follow the traces of my footsteps, and each succeeding day I watched you, and witnessed your vain researches, and the ardent emotions with which they were pursued. I listened to the passionate accents that revealed to me the love I had inspired,—a love such as my youthful fancy had once dreamed of, but which I had despaired of ever finding to be a reality! And then it was, that in my turn I hung upon your footsteps; ever near, yet still unseen, I gave myself up to the dangerous delight of observing you. In secret I watched you—in secret I made myself mistress of your sentiments and inclinations; I obtained (no matter how) a knowledge of your name, rank, country, habits,—and all that I heard was favorable,—all tended to strengthen my infatuation! One thing still remains to be ascertained—your willingness to accede to conditions which I am forced to impose on you; I must put your devotion to a test, difficult indeed to require, still more difficult to grant; but I cannot absolve you from this trial, for the alternative of our parting now for ever hangs upon its issue; it is with that intention that I have brought you here.’

She paused; and the gentle gravity of her accents sunk into the heart of Guido, and caused it to thrill with emotions which he sought not to define.

‘A trial!’ he exclaimed, and there was that in his voice which carried conviction to her soul,—there was in its intonation a confidence in his own sentiments, an *abandon d’ame*, an abnegation of selfish feeling, as spontaneous as it was unlimited; ‘a test!’ he added; ‘name it, that you may be obeyed!’ and he prostrated himself at her feet in token of unconditional devotion.

‘I believe you,’ she replied, motioning him to rise and place himself beside her; and yet, I must extract from you an *oath* to that effect. Do you feel yourself capable of obeying the only restriction with which I shall ever shackle your affections?’

Thus saying, she extended to him her trembling hand, and Guido eagerly possessing himself of it, sealed with his lips the vow of allegiance he breathed over it.

‘Listen to me,’ she continued. ‘I have already told you that our attachment may prove fatal to us both; and now, I repeat, that it will lead us to certain perdition unless we surround it with the profoundest mystery. It is absolutely necessary that we should conceal it from every living being; and, if it were possible, it ought in like manner to be hidden from the light of Heaven, from the very air that we breathe! Swear to me, then, by all that is dearest to you upon earth, by all that is most sacred to you in Heaven, that, satisfied with my tenderness alone, you will never seek to know me,—to see me,—to be with me,—except when I shall point out to you the time, the manner, and the place.—Swear to me, that, deaf to every suspicion, impenetrable to all curiosity, you will never interrogate me respecting aught that regards

my actual position, or my future prospects; that you will never even ask to know my name!

'Not even your name!' repeated Guido, with indignant surprise. 'What strange mystery is this? and what can you fear from me?'

'Nothing from you, but everything for you! Must I repeat it, Guido? this imprudent love may lead us both to destruction; a terrible fatality governs my life, and more terribly still does it threaten all who interest me.—Love alone, exalted, disinterested, confiding love, such as my soul has long sighed for, and which I believed had for ever vanished from earth, can shed a ray of brightness over the gloom of my existence. Alas! such an affection *once* appeared to smile upon me; but rapid, fugitive as a wintry sunbeam, it vanished, and left my heart more chill and dreary from having for a moment reflected its transitory glow. And now, even now, I behold it shine upon me once again, more serenely steady than before; and Hope whispered to me that the joy would be less fleeting—but it was an illusion! again it abandons me more cruelly than before—without leaving me even the remembrance of a momentary felicity to dwell upon. Leave me, Guido, and forget all that has passed; think no more of this conversation, this place, this hour!—think no more of me!'

She arose to depart; but Guido, flinging himself upon his knees before her, and grasping her dress, detained her.

'No, this must not be!' he exclaimed.—'Beautiful and beloved one! you cannot mean that we should thus separate! From henceforward my destiny is here, at your feet, blindly to obey you! Whoever you are, whatever the mystery may be that involves you, I accept the conditions you have imposed upon me, and abandon myself to your guidance, heart and soul, without reserve!'

The incognita sunk back upon the marble seat from which she had risen, breathless with emotion; then bending over the prostrate youth, who still remained at her feet, with his face buried in his hands, 'Oh, Guido!' she murmured, 'deceive me not!'

He raised his eyes at those words, and gazed upon the enchantress. Her veil, disengaged from the golden bodkin by which it had been confined, fell negligently over her shoulders, leaving completely revealed to him her beautiful face, pale with passion, doubt, and fear; a tear trembled in her deep lustrous eyes, and gleamed in the star-light like a dew-drop in the chalice of a violet.

'I swear not to deceive you!' exclaimed the youthful lover. 'Provided that your heart is mine, and that you banish me not from your presence, what are your secrets, or your name, to me? I will believe that a celestial spirit has descended upon earth to visit and console me; and the name that my heart in its secret orisons bestows upon you shall never be whispered even to the winds of Heaven! Yes, I swear it!'

PART THE SECOND

'La vide, e la conobbe; e resto senza
E voce e moto. Ah! vista! ah! conoscenza!
Gerusalemme Liberata

AND the oath of Guido Raggi was sacred. For a time his felicity was unclouded, and if it appeared to him that the fullness of his joy could admit of no increase, neither did he contemplate the possibility of its ever diminishing. The passionate dream of his heart had been realized, and beyond the present he looked not; besides, such were the beauty and blandishments of his mysterious enslaver, such the subjugating influence of her presence, that as long as they were together he never felt the unequal grounds upon which her strange caprice had willed that they should stand.

With womanly tact she delicately administered to his vanity as well as to his love; she spoke to him of himself, she drew from his lips the history of his whole life, of his aspirations, his studies, and his sensations; she hung delighted upon the recital of his travels, and in imagination wandered by his side through the classic ruins of Rome, along the enchanting shores of the Mediterranean, or by the green waters of the Adriatic; and it was only when they had separated that Guido remembered the impenetrable mystery in which she had wrapped herself; and if a passing doubt ever assailed his mind, it was (like one of those thin vapors which float in early morning over a beautiful landscape, and vanish before the rays of the sun,) dispelled, forgotten, in her presence. Curiosity became hushed there; and if he remembered his oath it was to shrink from every attempt at absolving himself from it, even as he would have shrunk from raising the curtain that veiled from profane eyes some holy sanctuary.

As long as the serene nights of autumn lasted, the meetings of the lovers at the same place and the same hour were uninterrupted; but at last the rainy season commenced, bleak winds blew from the Apennines, and the nocturnal interviews at Pratinole became less frequent and more brief.

'I must soon go to Florence,' said the unknown one night to Guido; 'I am forced to leave you for a few weeks,—and in so doing, I must, alas! impose another sacrifice upon you. Do not, I conjure you, leave these solitudes during my absence; but tranquilly await my return here. Do you promise me, this, dearest Guido?—do you swear it to me?'

'And do you promise me that your return will be prompt and certain?' enquired Guido, with a sinking at heart which he could not overcome.

She remained silent for a moment plunged in deep thought, as if revolving in her mind what answer might best tranquilize his feelings, without compromising her secret; while Guido, with his eyes sorrowfully fixed upon her countenance, endeavored to read there the fiat that she was about to pronounce.

But that moment the noise of carriage-wheels, the clattering of horses' hoofs, and the clash of arms, were heard outside of the garden wall near to which the lovers were seated; lights suddenly appeared in the grounds of Pratolino; servants bearing flambeaux followed one another in quick succession, and cries of 'The Duke! the Duke!—Long live the Duke,' resounded through the gardens.

The incognita started to her feet, pale and breathless, and looked round her with an expression of terror and suspicion.

'Go—fly!' she exclaimed to Guido, in a voice scarcely articulate, and joining her hands together with frantic energy. 'Remember your oath, Guido! Life or death hangs upon your fidelity to it. Go—go!—You shall soon hear from me!'

And, without awaiting his reply, she sprang past him, rushed into the nearest avenue, and vanished from the sight of her astonished lover, leaving him motionless and thunder-struck, without the power either to detain or to follow her.

Eight days—a fortnight—the whole of November passed away, and yet Guido heard nothing from the mysterious fair one. At first he resolutely struggled against the doubts that assailed his mind, and the fears that tortured his heart; for the faith he so religiously placed in her love for him sustained his courage in that first sickening trial of hope deferred; but when his expectations died away into despondency, and to his trust in her truth succeeded a conviction of her heartless abandonment, words are wanting to express the wretchedness and despair that overwhelmed him. He recalled to mind all the conversations that had passed between them, weighed her fond avowals, pondered over her concealments, and pictured to himself her looks anguished, nay, the tears even that she had shed upon his bosom, that he might extract from these once-prized evidences of her tenderness, proofs of her perfidy and deceit. Irritated with himself for his weak concessions to her, irritated against the fascinations that had dazzled and blinded him, he cursed the passion which had lured him on into the dark and devious windings of such an adventure without knowing the hand to whose guidance he had surrendered himself. But alas! his anger was like the wind that blows upon a flame, fanning, but not extinguishing it: such was the strength of his infatuation, such the weakness of his resolves, that the unhappy Guido would again have blindly committed himself to the deceiver to have renewed one moment of his past felicity—he would have braved eternal torments to have found himself once more beneath the willows of Pratolino, listening to the vows of the beloved but false unknown.

One day, at last—fatal day!—a letter reached him, without any date either of time or place; he tore it open, and, with a bursting heart, read its contents.

'Few are the words that I can write to you, Guido, and sad and solemn must they be, as the farewell of the dying. We shall never meet again! A horrible necessity separates us forever! Do not curse me for inflicting this unhappiness upon you: my crime will be visited upon me by a life of hopeless anguish! No—do not curse me: the fatality that persecutes me, extends even to those I love, and involves you in my sufferings. This I ought to have foreseen, and I did foresee it; but love was stronger in my breast than reason; and a vain hope—the hope that, once for all, I might vanquish my destiny—overcame me. For, believe me, Guido, I loved you as few on earth are capable of loving, and I love you *still*, and *for ever* shall I love you, despite our eternal separation, and the iron barrier that has been raised between us. But, although I have caused your wretchedness, do not let me have to reproach myself with having caused your death! Destruction hangs over your head as long as you remain in Tuscany: it will fall and crush you if you do not speedily remove yourself far away.—Fly quickly, then! seek safety in another land, and efface from your memory the last two months of your existence. A word uttered—a sign made by you of the *past* to any breathing being, would be the signal for your immediate destruction; no obstacle, no precaution could, in that case, prevent the powerful hand which has for ever separated us from reaching you. Farewell, dear and unhappy Guido! May Heaven watch over and console you! May your path in life be strewn with flowers, although *my* hand, alas! must not scatter them there! May the noble aspirations of your early days lead to the glory and happiness of your riper years;—and, oh! may some devoted woman,—happier far than me,—compensate to you for the ills I have inflicted, and replace in your young heart the wretched being who is lost to you for ever!'

The populace of Florence had assembled in crowds in the great square before the ducal palace; every street and alley poured forth its living masses, like a torrent overflowing its banks. The air rang with the acclamations of a thousand joyous voices, and the hum and bustle of the multitude sounded in the distance like the murmur of the ocean waves lashed by the storm, and wildly breaking upon the shore. Rich tapestries were hung before all the buildings; flowers strewn the pavements; the bells of all the churches rang forth a merry peal, and, mingling with the roar of cannon fired at regular intervals, the delicious strains of music issuing from temporary orchestras stationed here and there, and the warlike din of the drums and trumpets of the troops that lined the streets, formed a *tout ensemble* of bustle, noise, and movement, such as had not been seen or heard for years in that city of luxury and refinement, the fair and peerless Florence. Francesco the Second De Medici, Duke of Tuscany, was

on that day to celebrate his nuptials with Bianca Capello, daughter of the Venetian Republic.

The magnificent procession, opened by the Florentine nobles, moved slowly onwards towards the cathedral church of Santa Maria del Fiore; then followed the carriages of the Venetian ambassadors, surrounded by the most conspicuous personages of their nation, ninety in number, who had flocked from the shores of the Adriatic to assist in placing upon the throne this new Caterina Cornaro; then came the brother of the Duke, the Cardinal Ferdinand de Medici, smiling at the applauses of the multitude, and the magnificence of the scene, with such a dark ambiguous smile, as once again, at a future day, was to curl his lip, upon an occasion splendid as the actual one, but not so joyous. Afterwards came the heralds and the household of the sovereign, and, lastly, the ducal carriage appeared, brilliant with gilding, sculpture, and rock crystal, and drawn by eight splendid Andalusian horses, who, impatient of the slow pace to which their conductors reined them in, chafed upon their bits, tossed their superb manes, and pawed the ground as if indignantly spurning its contact. 'She comes—she comes!—The beautiful Bianca, our fair Duchess, comes!' burst from the lips of the crowd, as, rushing from all sides towards the point of attraction, they jostled and pushed against one another in order to obtain a nearer glimpse of the triumphant beauty. 'Long live Bianca! Long live the bride of Duke Francesco! Long live our lovely Sovereign!' resounded through the air, and greeted her approach.

Behind the foremost rank of spectators were standing a host of young and light-hearted citizens, who amused themselves in bandying jokes, and exchanging remarks upon the passing scene; not one of which escaped the attention of the youthful stranger, who, hopeless of advancing nearer to the procession through the dense crowd that intervened, had stationed himself close to these young men.

'She is indeed exquisitely beautiful,' said one of them: 'how well do those gorgeous robes and that transparent veil become her! but did you observe how pale and pensive she looks, as though she were a stranger to the joy which her presence occasions?'

'She is amazed by her good fortune,' replied another, 'to which assuredly she had no right to pretend. *Corpo di Bacco!* a poor Venetian, of noble family it is true, but unconnected with the state, a fugitive from her father's house, the wife of a simple merchant's clerk, accustomed to the privations of a wandering life, to step all at once from such obscurity to the throne of Tuscany! to find herself the bride of a Medici, and hear herself saluted as Duchess! Why, sirs, it is enough to turn her head!'

'Ay, ay,' added a third; 'and if she looks

pensive and pale, she has good reasons for doing so. Do you think it possible all at once to forget the past? Are there not sad recollections that fix themselves indelibly upon the mind; remorse which the heart cannot fling aside? Poor Bonaventuri! that unfortunate husband who perished in so tragical a manner!'

'And do you believe that Bianca was privy to her husband's death?' inquired a fourth in a low voice.

'Who knows?' returned the last speaker, shrugging his shoulders.

'Eh, signori!' observed another one with a bitter smile, 'this light-o'-love has left her remorse in the solitudes of Pratolino!'

At these words the stranger started as if a sword had pierced his heart; he heard no more, but darting into the crowd, pushed steadfastly onward.

The procession reached the gates of the cathedral, and Bianca Capello having alighted from her carriage, stood for a moment upon the threshold, in the midst of the noble ladies and cavaliers who composed her retinue. A breathless silence had succeeded to the noisy acclamations that had greeted her on her march, and the multitude, hushed into mute expectation, testified their homage and admiration only with their eyes in that solemn moment; when suddenly a cry of indescribable anguish was heard. 'Tis she! 'tis she!' broke upon the still air; and a young man, whom the guards had vainly endeavored to hold back, precipitated himself from the crowd, and stretching his arms towards Bianca Capello, fell senseless at her feet.

At that heart-broken cry, the bride turned round, and a crimson flush for a moment suffused the transparent purity of her cheeks;—but quickly recovering herself, she cast a look of cold wonder and pity upon the motionless stranger, passed on, 'and made no sign.'

The next day, a group of inquisitive idlers were collected upon the banks of the Arno, near the Ponte Vecchio, around the lifeless body of a young man, which had just been drawn out of the river; three ghastly wounds had pierced his breast, and one of them had passed through his heart. Nobody knew who the deceased was, nor were there any papers about his person by which his name or station might be ascertained. One woman only, who by her dress was nothing more than a serving damsel, gazed long and silently upon his still beautiful countenance, as though transfixed by the sad spectacle: then moving slowly away, she muttered to herself, '*Guido Raggi!*'

The name was overheard, and flew from mouth to mouth; it was soon known who the unfortunate victim had been—but how he perished, whether by his own act, or by the hand of an assassin, remained then, and has ever since remained, A MYSTERY.

From Colburn's London New Monthly for October.
THE SUICIDE'S BURIAL.

On the night of the 31st of December, 182—, I made one of a gay and animated party at the house of a friend in Castle street, St.—. Though in the invitation I had received nothing to that effect had been intimated, it was, I believe, the intention of our host, and the majority of his guests, to bid farewell to the Old, and welcome to the New Year, in this festive manner. For myself I had other intentions; and when prevailed upon to attend the party, I did not fail to inform my friend that circumstances, which it were needless then to particularise, rendered it desirable that I should withdraw some time at least before midnight. My reasons for this apparent singularity (as I learn them from my diary) were as follows: Firstly, I wished to hail the birth of the Young Year in the silence and privacy of my chamber; and lastly, I did not care to infringe upon a long-established habit of night-reading; the more so as I had that day purchased at a book-sale a curious old folio copy of "The Anatomie of Melancholy"—till then known to me only by report, and which I was therefore impatiently burning to enjoy.

"Ten minutes to twelve," exclaimed I, as, adjusting my cloak for departure, I looked at the dial in the hall; "let me walk ever so fast, I shall scarcely be home in time."

Little did I then think that ere I should arrive there, hours would have passed, and I should have taken part in a mournful procession in honor of the dead.

As I entered upon the dark street, and the door, closing behind me, cut off a stream of light so brilliant, as to nearly rival that of day—the contrast between the artificial splendor created by man for his enjoyment, and the deep gloom of nature at this season, did not fail to strike me.

Truly, it was a cold and dismal night.—The snow, which had fallen three days before, still lay untawed in the well nigh deserted streets, and on the house tops; whence the boisterous wind, (which, by its loud chanting, seemed to rejoice over the universal desolation) hurled it fiercely down, in chilling and unwelcome showers, upon the belated passenger. The dense black clouds hung heavily upon the city, and were as impenetrable to vision as the roof of Tartarus. Hence the darkness had been intense, but for the dingy oil-lamps which, flickering faintly at long distances, shed from their smoky globes a doubtful glimmer on the snow beneath, barely sufficient to indicate the path.

Noting these inconveniences, but (as I was warmly clad) silently dismissing them, I hurried homewards. Already I had passed the old cathedral, and was just about to quit the precincts of its close, when the clock commenced striking twelve,

"The hour for frightful spectres made."

I started! not from any superstitious fear, but from surprise—*ten, eleven, TWELVE!* The strokes burst so loudly and heavily upon my ear, that, for the instant, I was betrayed from the consciousness of my actual position, and it seemed as though Time himself, hovering aloft, had proclaimed through brazen throat the irrevocable dismissal of the departed year.

I stopped involuntarily, and, as if to assure myself of the futility of that impression, looked backwards at the magnificent pile whence the sounds had issued; but so thick was the darkness, that notwithstanding the snow which fringed its battlements and mouldings, I was scarcely able to define its masses against the sky.

Upon the nerves of few doth the knell of the defunct year fall lightly and comfortably; upon the hearts of many it smites fiercely, with a voice louder and more awful than the voice of thunder. The reflection that another link is drawn of that frail and brief chain, whence we hang suspended over the gulf of Eternity, will obtrude itself, receive it how we may. That incorruptible part which informs and animates this earthly leaven, and which the perpetual assaults of domineering or rebellious passions can never wholly vanquish, will seize with avidity a moment thus marked with more than ordinary distinction, to assert its heavenly prerogative, and vindicate its claim to attention. It is then the chequered vista of the past appears in the most painful or pleasing colors; it is then vain speculations as to what may yet await us in the dark womb of futurity are indulged in; it is then resolutions of amendment are made, that we may thereby quit the complainings of the still small voice within.

But I must confess such reflections as these did not long occupy me on that night. My mind unconsciously reverted to the splendid scene I had so lately left. The pointed jest, the quick repartee, the delicate and neatly-turned compliment, with the gracious smile of the approving fair, were once more recalled through imagination.

The distance I had to traverse was more than half accomplished when, from a narrow lane which entered the street I was then in, at right angles (famous for being the birth-place of Nell Gwynne, the humane and renowned mistress of the Second Charles), a long procession of men and women slowly and silently advanced. In front a huge lantern, containing three candles, was carried on a pole; and many of both sexes present bore similar conveniences of the usual size. By the aid of their light and that of the lamps, I was just enabled to discern in the centre of

the crowd, above the heads of the bearers, the dark outlines of a coffin. Upon gaining the middle of the broad street, it halted as if to form afresh, and the men lowered their burden to the ground.

I stood petrified with astonishment. A funeral at the dead of night, its solemnities performed by a large and apparently indiscriminate concourse of people, not arrayed in the outward garbs of mourning, but in their ordinary habiliments, staggered me—I could not comprehend it. A ghostly procession on the gloomy shores of Stympalus or Plegethon, could scarcely have more appalled me. To be thus returning from a brilliant party, one at which the elegances, and not a few of the blandishments of life prevailed with thoughts dwelling only on the fair and lovely in this world, and to stumble unexpectedly on a corpse, the kind reader will admit was reason sufficient to give me pause.

It was indeed one of those stern startling realities of life experience which, in moments of hilarity, came unbidden, it is true, but which, in consideration of the beneficial effects they are calculated to produce, the good will never disregard or esteem unwelcome.

Desirous of learning whose funeral it was, and why it took place at this unseasonable hour, I made way through the crowd till I came to the body. Some slight injury had befallen the old parish bier whereon it rested, which a man was repairing; and by the light held for that purpose I obtained a full view of the coffin. It was of the coarsest materials, rudely constructed, and evidently that of a person below the middle stature. Ornaments it had none, unless the rings for grave cords at its sides could be so called. In lieu of a breastplate, the initial letters of the name, with the age of the deceased, were set in black nails thus:—

o o o o o o o o o o
o M. B. o
o 21. o
o o o o o o o o o o

I soon learnt that these were the remains of Margaret Bourne, a young woman who had poisoned herself in consequence of a disappointment in love, and that as a verdict of *felo de se* had been returned at the inquest, she was to be buried without a passing bell, and denied the customary rites of Christian sepulture.

There were many women round the corpse. They were descanting in homely but emphatic language upon the beauty, virtues, and misfortunes of her who now lay "in cold obstruction" before them, alike insensible to their praise and pity. Much was said in censure of one James Hughes, who had deceived her; of a cruel uncle who had first robbed, and then disowned her; and of the jury, who, they averred, should have brought in a verdict of insanity, which they did not scruple to add, would have been the case had the decease been of rich or powerful family.

The bearers were preparing to resume their duty, when a woman after gazing a brief while on the pall-less coffin, hastily took off and spread her cloak carefully over it; a second woman, perceiving it was too short to answer the intended purpose, followed the example of the first. I did not seek to analyse the motive, whatever it might be, which prompted these acts; it was sufficient to observe it caught, on the part of the last, by that fine-drawn intuition of the feelings which despises the aid of words. I looked in their faces; they seemed respectable women of the middle age, and I would venture a trifle, had daughters themselves; but whether this was the case or not, at least they compassioned the lot of her whose insensate remains they had thus respected.

Again the procession moved forwards, not in orderly, but in scattered groups; and notwithstanding the churchyard, where, by the side of her parents it was intended to bury her, was full two miles distant, the little I had heard so far interested me, that I resolved upon testifying my sympathy for her sad fate, by following her to the grave.

Excepting its catastrophe, the history of her life presents little—perhaps nothing unusual. But as it may serve to show how the cloud of misery settled on her, ultimately to extinguish the light of reason, I shall give it in a few words, as I gathered it then, and by subsequent inquiry. It is the story of an unit in the great body of industrious, honest poor—those who so frequently suffer and sorrow in secret, and eat their hard-won bread in bitterness here, but whose recompense surely awaits them in a world other and better than this.

Margaret Bourne was the only surviving child of John Bourne, an inconsiderable but respectable barge-owner in K—. At the age of fourteen she lost her father, who left his widow in humble, but (as their expenses were small) competent circumstances. About two years after this bereavement, her uncle, by the father's side, prevailed on them, under promise of a higher rate of interest, to lend him their money, which, by some crooked means I never heard clearly explained, he ultimately contrived to wrest from them entirely. This villanous and merciless act, together with the harassing anxieties of law consequent upon an attempt to enforce the rights of herself and daughter, brought the widow to a premature grave; and poor Margaret was thrown on the wide world a friendless and destitute orphan.

Educated in the daily observance of religious duties, under an exemplary mother, she was happily proof against those powerful and seductive temptations which, through the medium of the passions, assault the youthful and inexperienced, and under whose intoxicating influence so many fall.

But her modest virtues, though they blossomed and had been nurtured in secret, at length, through Providence, raised her up a friend.

This was a Mrs. Trokes—a devout woman since dead, and whose character deserves a passing encomium. She was the wife of a retired tradesman, who had long been a *local preacher* among the Wesleyans. Beneficence in every shape, was her distinguishing characteristic: her intelligence and address would have put to the blush many of far more exalted rank. Having a family no longer, a large portion of her time was disinterestedly devoted to attendance on the sick poor, and the relief of their most urgent wants. The good she did in this way was incalculable; and such was her discretion, that many wealthy, pious people intrusted her with the dispensation of their alms. Wheresoever misery shivered, or sickness, pining on squalid couch, sent forth its despairing groan on the fetid air, in that room you might find her ministering consolation, or providing solid comforts like some Catholic 'Sister of Charity,' or a spirit whose home is Heaven.

This saint-like woman on learning the character and desolate position of the orphan, interested herself on her behalf, and procured her employment as a glove-sewer, which, as she was industrious, amply provided for her humble wants.

In personal appearance, Margaret Bourne was considered handsome. Her pale features were mild and pensive in their expression, and her figure was symmetrical and graceful. It so unassuming a creature could in anything be pronounced remarkable, it was for a degree of intellectual attainment superior to her station, for the winning suavity of her manners, for timidity, modesty, and reserve.

About six months after her mother's death, a young man of good character named James Hughes, foreman in the house she worked for, commenced paying his court to her.—This lasted without interruption for two years during which she was known frequently to declare her happiness, and how gratified she was by his attentions. But a withering blight was soon to come over her dearest prospects.

There are few that, in their passage through life, can fail to have observed, without wonder, what trivial accidents form the hinges whereupon the impenetrable and resistless doors of human destiny inexorably turn.—The simple accident of a change of lodgings, on the part of Hughes, was, in all probability, the remotest cause of this fond girl's death; for by such means he was brought into contact with an artful and clever woman, who, though she bore by no means a good character, had, notwithstanding this disadvantage, ingenuity enough to estrange him from Margaret Bourne, and (furthered in her schemes by the temptation of a legacy she had lately received) at last to secure him for herself.

From the day that Hughes deserted her—not to say the day of his marriage—a pitiful change was wrought in Margaret Bourne.—Her looks became haggard and care-worn, her cheerfulness utterly forsook her. She held communication with few, and confined her-

self as much as possible to the silent solitude of her chamber. The inmates of the house where she lived, said that she grew careless of providing for her wants, and seemed to regard everything with a stolid indifference:—while those who, in the way of business, came in contact with her, affirmed that for many weeks before she destroyed herself, they had detected in her unequivocal symptoms of aberration of mind. At last she put a period to her sufferings by taken arsenic.

Now it happened that the route it was necessary the funeral should take, passed, singularly enough, by the house in which Hughes since his marriage resided. It had been agreed by many of those present to groan as they passed it, that he might be made sensible they execrated his heartless conduct.—Scarcely, however, had we reached it, ere the door opened, and a stream of light shot athwart the snowy road. It partly closed again, and there appeared to be some one obstructing the passage out. At the same time loud oburgations smote upon the ear.

'I will go,' was uttered in a voice I judged to be a man's.

'You shall not,' was the reply of a female.

'I say I will, and it's no use resisting me,' was the rejoinder.

A slight struggle accompanied this, and to the disgust and surprise of every one, Hughes rushed out, and joined the procession. He was received with groans and cries of 'shame' by most of us; but with menaces and curses by a large body of barmen present. One of these, a sturdy, powerful man, walking up to him, demanded with a loud imprecation whether he had any decency left, and threatened if he did not instantly return he would force him to do so. On this Hughes retired a few paces, sobbing audibly. He implored permission to follow the corpse, and protested his penitence. He declared his sufferings, more especially since the unhappy girl's death, had been dreadful; and said that if allowed to follow her to the grave—the only respect he could now show—he thought his mind would be something the easier.—Upon the intercession of a Wesleyan preacher (whom I now, for the first time, perceived was with us,) no further obstruction was offered him, and he fell in dejectedly amongst the crowd.

After this extraordinary scene, the funeral, which had taken advantage of it to halt and change bearers, again advanced. I walked onwards in silence, but my mind was busy. I contrasted in thought the splendor and frivolous gaiety of the scene I had so recently left, with the mournful character of that in which I was now an actor.

At that night's party I had seen a lady—one in particular, at the piano. She was young and lovely, and sang like a seraph,—attention was visible on every countenance; delight was present to every soul. Her father and mother were there to feel pride in their daughter; and the joyous countenance of the

fair creature, as at the song's close, she looked up to a fond husband, who bent in devotion over her, bore eloquent testimony that the measure of her happiness was full. Here again was one equally youthful, equally fair, equally amiable, but, alas! not equally fortunate. Her parents, and such relatives as cared for her, long since dead; there was but one being upon earth to whom she could look for proper sympathy, and that—her lover. To him she gave her affections and confided her blushing hopes of wedded bliss, with the prospective destiny of her life. Cruelly deceived and deserted by him, what charms had the world for her; what recompense to offer for her affliction? The reed upon which she had leant once broken, could she trust another? The vast crowd of human beings around her knew not, or were insensate, to her misfortunes; their present interests, their prospects of future welfare embraced not hers.—She stood among them, a solitary unit, unknown, uncared for, or what was worse, despised. In this melancholy condition, no wonder a change of existence promised to be a change for the better.

The soul despised and rejected in its carnal tenement, its fond hopes of earthly happiness extinct for ever, yearning for human sympathy but finding it not, becomes weary of restraint and beats fiercely against its prison bars for escape. There is a conflict between inclination and those promptings of natural piety which we term duty; sometimes the mere body also resists and reacts on the mind, for the idea of death is repulsive and it would still live on: in either case reason is unseated; the necessary pitch of frenzy once attained all scruples vanish, the dagger, the poison bowl, or some less classic, but still friendly means of death is sought—a few sharp convulsive struggles, and all is over.—The painful compact between them thus dissolved, the fleshy covering drops into the bosom of its parent matter, and the released spirit wings its way through the fathomless depths of eternity!

It was far from clear to me that the jury, at the inquest on Margaret Bourne, were justified in finding the cruel verdict they had returned. The popular impression was, that they were not. To enable me to decide the matter for myself, I looked through the crowd for some one likely to throw a light upon the subject. Nor was it long before I chanced to alight upon a person in my estimation above all others the best qualified for that purpose; and though up to that hour I had never spoken to him, a residence of many years in the same city made us known to each other, and, not to urge the solemn duty we were both engaged in, was a sufficient excuse for personal communication.

His name was Price.—“Mr. Price, tonsor, dentist, and pleboto-mist”—as he loved grandiloquently to style himself: in other words, he was a barber-surgeon—and ancient and once important profession, now rapidly be-

coming extinct. He was a garrulous, light-hearted sort of gossip; and like the generality of his craft, the notorious retailer of local news and floating scandal of the neighborhood. In all matters of parochial business in the election and inauguration of constables, headboroughs, watchmen, and civic officers of like dignity and standing, he took an active interest, and was not unfrequently consulted when difficulties requiring the authority of historical precedent were wanting.—Moreover he was a kind of standing jurymen; and it was his frequent boast that not an inquest had been held in the parish for upwards of twenty years but he had officiated, and could still furnish you with the leading details. It was for this last peculiarity I selected him.

“Mr. Price,” said I, accosting him, “were you at the inquest on the ill-fated girl we are now following?”

“I was, sir. Poor Margaret! I knew her well, and her father before her; an honest man he was too, and it would have been better for his widow and child, if his brother had been honest also. He —”

“I am acquainted with that story,” said I, interrupting him. “But of the girl herself; do you really think she was of sound mind when she took the poison?”

“Of sound mind? No! I was one of the four jurymen who held out for a verdict of *Insanity*; for I who had known her from a child, and had always noticed how regular she was at church, how dutiful to her mother, and after she lost her, how prudent and good she continued, could have believed—I was myself more likely to have committed suicide than she was.”

“Then why didn’t you find a verdict of derangement?” I inquired.

“Because B—, who is no more fit to be Coroner than I am to be Lord Chief Justice, opposed it.” For my part I took the liberty of referring him to the letter she had written to James Hughes, and to the low way it was proved she had been in for weeks; but he was obstinate, and it was of no use. He had directed us to bring it in *felo de se*, and nothing else he would have; and that, because the druggist, who he said was a respectable man, and who every one knows is his relative, deposed to her having been quite sane and collected when she bought the poison at his shop, only two hours before it was discovered she had taken it.

“You speak of a letter to the man who had

*Under the old Corporation Act, it was and, for aught we know to the contrary, still may be the custom in that city, for the corporate officer next, or next but one, in succession to the civic chair, to hold the ancient and honorable office of coroner, for the space of one year. Hence persons who handled the pestle, cloth-yard, or cheese-scoop without disgracing themselves, often fell into that predicament when invested with an office they were not adapted, nor in the proper order of things intended, to fill.

deceived her, as affording evidence of derangement. 'Be so good,' continued I, 'as to inform me how it does this?'

'You shall judge for yourself,' replied he. Then drawing something from his coat-pocket, he added, 'Here it is; for I have kept it since the inquest. You can read it, whilst I go forward to inform the bearers that we have the clergyman's permission to pass through his grounds, instead of going away round Clithong-lane.'

I took the letter from his hands, and by the aid of a lanthorn, read as follows.

'TO MR. JAMES HUGHES.

'Dear James,

'I write this lest something bad might happen to me, and I should never see you again to say how freely I forgive you. I thought you loved me—oh! I was sure of it. Since I found you did not, I feel as though there was nothing now worth living for in this world, but, dear James I sincerely forgive you; and indeed I wish you may be always happy.

'My mind now often becomes confused, and strange, bad thoughts come into it so strong that they almost madden me. Last night, I was alone, as I am now, and I had them. They drove me into a fit or something of that like; and when I awoke from it, I was vexed it didn't last for ever. When I seek of God to strengthen me against them, and to make me resigned to my lot, I can't even pray as I used to. But He will have mercy on me, when it is worse needed.

'Dear James, if any bad comes to me I hope you will not grieve. For perhaps it was my fault to flatter myself you loved me, when you did not mean anything more than kindness: and I am sure you were always kind. Should I die, I have nothing worth leaving you. My poor mother's ring, the paper with her hair, and the Bible in which the date of my birth is wrote down by my dear father, I should wish buried with me. The other Bible, with my prayer-book, and a pair of black gloves I have made with many a tear, I hope you will accept and keep in memory of me. Perhaps we shall meet again in a better place; oh, how I wish we may! I shall never forget the day we spent—'

Here the letter broke off abruptly; but sufficient is given to prove that she had experienced attacks of derangement; a circumstance that would have justified a more charitable verdict than her remains received. It would even seem as though, at the moment she ceased writing, some tender reminiscence had again shaken the reins of reason from her grasp. The devotion to him who had deceived her which she shows throughout the whole, is touching; the manner wherein she exculpates him, at the expense of her own strength of character, extremely so.

The question as to her insanity thus settled to my satisfaction, I felt a tranquil pleasure at having determined to join the funeral.—Whilst I was till meditating upon the nature

and singular aspect of the scene we were engaged in, a respectable female addressed me, expressing her surprise and gratification at seeing me there.

'Dear Mrs. Trokes,' said I, on recognising that estimable woman, 'my attendance is little better than accidental.'

'You must have had the will to come,' rejoined she, 'or I should not see you here.'

I then related to her how it happened; and in return she explained to me the little sacrifice she had made in order to be present.

'You are a churchman, I know,' said she; 'and probably unacquainted with the customs of our sect. This is our *watch-night*; on which we are enjoined to meet at chapel, to pass the last minutes of the old year in prayer and to welcome the new with praise (hymns.) For nine-and-thirty years I have punctually observed this injunction; but to-night I thought my duty to the dead had a stronger claim on my attention, therefore I am here, as also is my husband, and our supernumerary minister, whom I have prevailed upon to read the burial service over Margaret Bourne's remains. I should not have wished this had I not been fully persuaded she destroyed herself during a fit of derangement.'

'It was a dreadful fate!' ejaculated I, involuntarily.

'Truly it was!' sighed she; then added—'I am not unacquainted with death; for, to say nothing of friends whose last moments I have witnessed, three of my dear children passed away in my arms. God bless them! they were always dutiful and pious, and I am sure are now in a better place. But of all the thrilling scenes of the kind I have ever known, that of the night before last, when I attended this poor girl, was the most insupportable. Excepting about twenty minutes before her death, she was delirious during the eight hours I was with her. She raved almost incessantly about James Hughes: he seemed constantly present to her imagination in a visible form, and her broken sentences were addressed to him as if to move his pity for her distress.

'Once only she named her mother; this was after the violent retching which at first distracted her had passed away, and she was evidently dying. I never shall forget it. Raising herself suddenly in the bed, she placed one arm behind her as a support, and with the other pointed to the candle, at which she perceived something there of unusual interest. At last, without once removing her eyes from it, she exclaimed,

'Do you see that?'

'See what, my dear?' reiterated I; 'there is nothing there, but the candle upon the table.'

'It is my poor mother! What a blaze of light she is in! See, she is crying! Don't cry for me dear mother, I shall be happy again.

'Although I thought my disbelief in super-

natural appearances had been so strong, that what I knew to be the mere phantoms of delirium could never alarm me, in that I was deceived. There was such a startling earnestness in this address to her mother, that for a moment I felt a cold shudder run through me I could no longer remain with her alone; so I sent for a poor widow who is here, and who, with the kind-hearted doctor and myself, were the only persons who approached her. Shortly afterwards she sank into a kind of lethargy, occasionally muttering something we could not understand. From this she awoke a few minutes before her death. She then articulated faintly, and with great difficulty,

'I see how it is. May God bless you both.'

'I was much affected. Speech then left her; but I am satisfied she still continued sensible, for when I moistened her lips with wine and water, she absolutely *looked* thanks. Knowing what she was suffering, I felt a heavy load removed from me with the long sigh in which she expired.'

By this time we had reached the churchyard. But no solemn toll of bell floated on the air, proclaiming to the world the inhumation of a Christian corpse; no white-robed priest was there to greet the dead with the usual solemnities. Nevertheless, the beautiful and impressive service of the English church was not wholly omitted. He met the funeral at the gates; and every head was reverently uncovered whilst he performed the affecting ritual. We moved round to the north side of the church, where, by the side of her parents under a wide-spreading yew-tree, the deep yawning grave had been excavated. Contrasted against the snow, the black chasm, with its heap of earth, looked unusually chilling and repulsive; but darkness, and damp, and cold, were no longer for Margaret Bourne.

They had placed the coffin on its brink, the grave-cords had been run, and they were waiting the part of the service where the body is committed to the earth, when Hughes, who could no longer subdue his feelings, fell upon the coffin and clasped it with frantic affection. He charged himself with the poor girl's death, again declared his sincere penitence, and implored forgiveness of God for his cruel perfidy. So great and vehement was his anguish that ere the ceremony could be completed, it was necessary to remove him by force.

'Surely, said I, on witnessing this compunction of conscience, the misfortune of this man would seem to be, not that the sense whereby we discriminate between right and wrong is either warped or hebeted by contact with the world, but that his disposition is so facile and feeble, that he may be moulded by designing people to whatever form they wish hence the catastrophe this weakness had brought about.'

At the conclusion of the burial service, an

extempore prayer was offered up; and we sang a penitential hymn. Its wailing cadences fell upon the susceptible silence of the night with a mournful effect, awakening echoes both far and near. The daws, unaccustomed to such sounds at this belated hour, rushed out in a clusters from the belfrey, and affrighted betook themselves to a distance, like a troop of evil-spirits at the bidding of the Redeemer.

The mourners at that funeral had been self-bidden it is true, but their conduct was in keeping with the occasion; it was decorous and dutiful. The behavior of the watermen, who, without hope of fee or earthly reward, but out of respect for the memory of her father, had performed the laborious office of *bearers*, was strikingly creditable. Their rugged natures seemed touched and softened by the sacred character of the duty they had undertaken, and they joined cordially in the hymn, with voices, it was to be feared, seldom used so worthily.

Soon the earth rattled on the coffin-lid, and her grave was heaped up. There in her everlasting home we left her; the night-wind moaning in the hearse-plumed yew a fitting requiem, the black sky overhead her pall-like canopy.

About eight months afterwards, on a calm autumnal evening, I was passing that way, and turned aside to visit her grave. I found it turfless, and almost flattened by the action of the weather. The drooping blades of lank, dark grass, which had grown through the crumbled mould at its sides, had almost embraced over the neglected spot.

'Poor Margaret Bourne!' sighed I; 'in death as in life, thou hast had little attention. The loud protestations of penitence, the emotions of remorse we witnessed in him whose cruelty had caused the death, of what value were they when the only testimony of respect it was left him to bestow, had been so disgracefully omitted.'

I turned from the spot, and made a call upon the sexton, who lived hard by.

'What is the charge,' I inquired of him, 'for *sodding* a grave?'

'Eighteenpence, sir,' was the reply.

'Here are two shillings for you, and be sure that Margaret Bourne's grave is raised, turfed, and neatly wyth-bound by next Sunday.'

'I won't fail to do so,' said he, pocketing the money.

This duty performed, I left the neighborhood.

Such then is the unaffected story of Margaret Bourne. To have heightened its interest for the reader, by gratuitous touches of the invention, had not been difficult. As far as facts are concerned, I have preferred giving it inartificially; feeling that what might be gained in pathos or picturesque effect, would be at the sacrifice of truth, and for that reason objectionable.

FOREIGN REVIEWS.

From the London Athenæum of October 2.

LETTERS AND NOTES ON THE MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND CONDITION OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS. By George Catlin. In 2 vols. with 400 illustrations: Vol. I. Published by the Author, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

Mr. Catlin must be known personally, or by name and fame, to most of our readers. It is now nearly three years (No. 609) since an American correspondent first awakened our curiosity respecting this enterprising artist and traveller; two years (No. 640) since we visited his Indian Gallery. The public have since fully confirmed the judgment we then pronounced on it, as the most interesting Exhibition which, in our recollection, had been opened in London. The publication of the work before us will, therefore, be most acceptable—to those who have seen the Exhibition, as serving to refresh their memories—to those who have not, as helping to explain that of which they have heard so much—to all, as a pleasant narrative of adventure, and circumstantial and detailed history of the manners and customs of an interesting people, whose fate is sealed—whose days are numbered—whose extinction is certain. The work is not, of course, to be examined critically. An artist who has spent his years some thousand miles beyond the limits of civilized life; who has dragged his weary way through the trackless wilderness, floated for days together down unknown rivers, and this often at the hazard of his life, with his pencil in one hand and his rifle in the other, is not to be questioned about minor matters. A man so situated could have had but little leisure to write at all, even to record passing events and observation,—little time even to think; and yet there is no trace of the vague, faint, bodiless forms which usually characterize scenes when described from memory—the strangeness of the surrounding nature appears to have impressed itself deeply on memory—and no wonder, for it was strange enough, as Mr. Catlin briefly but graphically represents it, 'a vast country of green fields, where the men are all red—where meat is the staff of life—where no laws, but those of honor, are known—where the oak and the pine give way

to the cotton-wood and peccan—where the buffalo range, the elk, mountain-sheep, and the fleet-bounding antelope—where the magpie and chattering parroquettes supply the place of the red-breast and the blue-bird—where wolves are white and bears grizzly—where pheasants are hens of the prairie, and frogs have horns!—where the rivers are yellow, and white men are turned savages in looks. Through the whole of this strange land the dogs are all wolves—women all slaves—men all lords; where the sun and rats alone (of all the list of old acquaintance,) could be recognized in this country of strange metamorphose.' The reader will feel, as we have, that something of interest arises from the very absence of all art in this narrative.

The value of the collection gathered by Mr. Catlin is greatly enhanced by the admitted fact, that the race of the red men is fast perishing, and must soon be extinct. It is but a few hundred years since white men first set foot in their country, and when their numbers exceeded, it is believed, sixteen millions: when, as Mr. Catlin expresses it, 'sixteen millions sent that number of daily prayers to the Almighty, and thanks for his goodness and protection: happy and contented beings, according to their limited views and capacities, enjoying all the luxuries they knew of, and therefore cared for: and now, of these sixteen millions, not two remain in all that vast continent! and of these the greater part have been degraded and demoralized by their intercourse with white men. It is doubtful, indeed, whether those which yet remain uncontaminated in the far wilderness exceed half a million, and whiskey and white man, and disease and demoralization are already on their trail. Of the Mandans, 'the gentle and courteous Mandans,' as they were designated even by the traders and trappers, two thousand in number in 1837, when Mr. Catlin visited them, not a single man remains—the race is extinct! The small pox, unknown till their intercourse with white men, broke out among them; only thirty-five escaped its ravages, and these were forthwith butchered by a hostile tribe!

While Mr. Catlin was studying his art at Philadelphia, a delegation of Indians arrived there, arrayed and equipped, as he says, 'in all their classic beauty—with shield and helmet—with tunic and manteau—tinted and tasselled off exactly for the painter's palette.' The early passion was thus again revived, and he resolved to be off to the 'Far West,' and to become the historian of the red man. The 'Far West'—what a vague idea these words convey, even to the Americans. We cannot do Mr. Catlin better service than to give here the dramatic sketch with which he illustrates these words.

'In the commencement of my Tour, several of my travelling companions from the city of New York, found themselves at a frightful distance to the West, when we arrived at Niagara Falls; and hastened back to amuse their friends with tales and scenes of the West. At Buffalo, a steam-boat was landing with 400 passengers, and twelve days out.—'Where from?' 'From the West.' In the rich state of Ohio, hundreds were selling their farms and going—to the West. In the beautiful city of Cincinnati, people said to me, 'Our town has passed the days of its most rapid growth, it is not far enough West.' In St. Louis, 1,400 miles west of New York, my landlady assured me that I would be pleased with her boarders, for they were nearly all merchants from the 'West.'—I there asked,—Whence come those steam-boats, laden with pork, honey, hides, &c.? From the West. Whence those ponderous bars of silver, which those men have been for hours shouldering and putting on board that boat? They come from Santa Fee, from the West. Whence goes this steamboat so richly laden with dry goods, steam engines, &c.? She goes to Jefferson city.—Jefferson city—where is that? Far to the West And where goes that boat laden down to her gunnels, the Yellow Stone? She goes still farther to the West.—'Then,' said I, 'I'll go to the West.' I went on board the Yellow Stone. . . . Two thousand miles on her, and we were at the mouth of Yellow Stone river—at the West. What! invoices, bills of lading, &c. a wholesale establishment so far to the West! And those strange looking, long-haired gentlemen, who have just arrived, and are relating the adventures of their long and tedious journey. Who are they?—Oh! they are some merchants just arrived from the West And that keel-boat, that Mackinaw-boat, and that formidable caravan, all of which are richly laden with goods?—There, sir, are outfits starting for the West. Going to the West, ha?—'Then,' said I, 'I'll try it again. I will try and see if I can go to the West.' . . . What, a Fort here, too?—'Oui, Monsieur—oui, Monsieur (as a dauntless, and semibarbarian-looking, jolly fellow,

dashed forth in advance of his party on his wild horse to meet me). . . . Ne parlez vous l'Anglais? Non, Monsieur. I speaks de French and the Americaine; mais je ne parle pas l'Anglais. Well then, my good fellow, I will speak English, and you may speak Americaine.—Val, sare, je suis bien content, pour for I see dat you speaks putty good Americaine. You live here, I suppose? Non, Monsieur, I comes fair from de West. What, from the West! Where under heavens is that?—Wat, diable! de West? well, you shall see, Monsieu, he is putty fair off, 'spose. —Do you see any thing of the 'Flatheads' in your country? Non, Monsieur, ilt demeurent very, very fair to the West.'

But we must proceed more soberly. Perhaps the reader, after this outline map of our long journey, will permit us to clear at a bound some fifteen hundred miles, and embark at once on the Missouri—two thousand miles are yet before us:—

'The Missouri is, perhaps, different in appearance and character from all other rivers in the world; there is a terror in its manner which is sensibly felt, the moment we enter its muddy waters from the Mississippi. From the mouth of the Yellow Stone River, which is the place from which I am now writing, to its junction with the Mississippi, a distance of 2,000 miles, the Missouri, with its boiling, turbid waters, sweeps off, in one unceasing current; and in the whole distance there is scarcely an eddy or resting place for a canoe. Owing to the continual falling in its rich alluvial banks, its water is always turbid and opaque, having at all seasons of the year the color of a cup of chocolate or coffee, with sugar and cream stirred into it. To give a better definition of its density and opacity, I have tried a number of simple experiments with ice at this place, and at other points below, at the results of which I was exceedingly surprised. By placing a piece of silver (and afterwards a piece of shells, which is a much whiter substance) in a tumbler of this water, and looking through the side of the glass, I ascertained that those substances could not be seen through the eighth part of an inch; this, however, is in the spring of the year, when the freshest is upon the river, rendering the water, undoubtedly, much more turbid than it would be at other seasons; though it is always muddy and yellow, and from its boiling and wild character and uncommon color, a stranger would think, even in its lowest state, that there was a freshest upon it. For the distance of 1,000 miles above St. Louis, the shores of this river (and, in many places, the whole bed of the stream) are filled with snags and raft, formed of trees of the largest size, which have been undermined by the banks and cast into the stream; their roots becoming fastened to the bottom of the river, with their tops floating on the surface of the water, and pointing down the stream, forming the

most frightful and discouraging prospect for the adventurous voyager. Almost every island and sand-bar is covered with huge piles of these floating trees, and when the river is flooded, its surface is almost literally covered with floating raft and drift wood; which bids positive defiance to keel-boats and steamers, on their way up the river. The scene is not, however, all so dreary; there is a redeeming beauty in the green and carpeted shores, which hem the huge and terrible deformity of waters. There is much of the way through, where the mighty forests of stately cotton wood stand, and frown in horrid dark and coolness over the filthy abyss below; into which they are ready to plunge headlong, when the mud and soil in which they are germed and reared has been washed out from underneath them, and is with the rolling current mixed, and on its way to the ocean. The greater part of the shores of this river, however, are without timber, where the eye is delightfully relieved by wandering over the beautiful prairies; most of the way gracefully sloping down to the water's edge, carpeted with the deepest green, and in distance, softening into velvet of the richest hues, entirely beyond the reach of the artist's pencil. Such is the upper part of the river especially; and as one advanced towards its source, and through its upper half, it becomes more pleasing to the eye, for snags and raft are no longer to be seen; yet the current holds its stiff and onward turbid character. It has been, heretofore, very erroneously represented to the world, that the scenery on this river was monotonous and wanting in picturesque beauty. This intelligence is surely incorrect, and that it has been brought, perhaps by men who are not the best judges in the world of Nature's beautiful works; and if they were, they always pass them by in pain or desperate distress, in toil and trembling fear for the safety of their furs and peltries, or for their lives, which are at the mercy of the yelling savages who inhabit this delightful country. One thousand miles or more, of the upper part of the river, was, to my eye, like fairy land; and during our transit through that part of our voyage, I was most of the time rivetted to the deck of the boat indulging my eyes in the boundless and tireless pleasure of roaming over the thousand hills and bluffs, and dales, and ravines; where the astonished herds of buffaloes, of elks, and antelopes, and sneaking wolves, and mountain goats were to be seen bounding up and down and over the green fields; each one, and each tribe, band, and gang, taking their own way, and using their own means to the greatest advantage possible, to leave the night and sound of the puffing of our boat; which was, for the first time, saluting the green and wild shores of the Missouri with the din of mighty steam. From St. Louis to the falls of the Missouri, a distance of 2,600 miles, is one continued prairies; with the exception of a few bottoms formed along the bank of the river, and the streams which fall into it, which

are often covered with the most luxuriant growth of forest timber. The summit level of the great prairies stretching off to the west and the east of the river, to an almost boundless extent, is from two or three hundred feet above the level of the river; which has formed a bed or valley for its course, varying in width from two to twenty miles. This channel or valley has been evidently produced by the force of the current, which has gradually excavated, in its floods and gorges, this immense space, and sent its debris into the ocean. By the continual overflow of the river, its deposits have been lodged and left with a horizontal surface, spreading the deepest and richest alluvion over the surface of its meadows on either side; through which the river winds its serpentine course, alternately running from one bluff to the other; which present themselves to its shores in all the most picturesque and beautiful shapes and colors imaginable—some with their green sides gracefully sloped down in the most lovely groups to the water's edge, whilst others, divested of their verdure, present themselves in immense masses of clay of different colors, which arrest the eye of the traveller, with the most curious views in the world. These strange and picturesque appearances have been produced by the frosts and rains, which are continually changing the dimensions, and varying the thousand shapes of these denuded hills, by washing down their sides and carrying them into the river. Amongst these groups may be seen tens and hundreds of thousands of different forms and figures, of the sublime and the picturesque; in many places for miles together, as the boat glides along, there is one continued appearance, before and behind us, of some ancient and boundless city in ruins,—ramparts, terraces, domes, towers, citadels and castles may be seen—cupolas, and magnificent portico's, and here and there a solitary column and crumbling pedestal, and even spires of clay which stand alone—and glistening in distance as the sun's rays are refracted back by the thousand crystals of gypsum which are imbedded in the clay of which they are formed. Over and through these groups of domes and battlements (as one is compelled to imagine them) the sun sends his long and gliding rays, at morn or evening; giving life and light by aid of shadows cast to the different glowing colors of these clay-built ruins; shedding a glory over the solitude of this wild and pictured country, which no one can realize unless he travels here and looks upon it.

This is a picture in words, hardly less vivid than the artist's more legitimate sketches with his pencil. Even the steamboat was three months puffing and blowing and toiling up this river. 'If anything,' says Mr. Catlin, 'ever did astonish the Indians, it was the steamer:—

'These poor and ignorant people, for the

distance of 2,000 miles, had never before seen or heard of a steamboat, and in some places they seemed at a loss to know what to do, or how to act: they had no name for it—so it was, like everything else (with them), which is mysterious and unaccountable, *medicine* (mystery). We had on board one twelve pound cannon and three or four eight pound swivels, which we were taking up to arm the Fur Company's Fort at the mouth of Yellow Stone; and at the approach to every village they were all discharged several times in rapid succession, which threw the inhabitants into utter confusion and amazement—some of them threw their faces to the ground, and cried to the Great Spirit—some shot their horses and sacrificed them to appease the Great Spirit, whom they conceived was offended—some deserted their villages, and ran to the tops of the bluffs some miles distant; and others, in some places, as the boat landed in front of their villages came with great caution, and peeped over the bank of the river to see the fate of their chiefs; whose duty it was (from the nature of their office) to approach us, whether friends or foes, and to go on board. Sometimes, in this plight, they were thrown neck and heels over each other's heads and shoulders—men, women and children and dogs—sage, sachem, old and young—all in a mass, at the frightful discharge of the steam from the escape-pipe, which the captain of the boat let loose upon them for his own fun and amusement. There were many curious conjectures among their wise men, with regard to the nature and powers of the steamboat. Amongst the Mandans, some called it the 'big thunder canoe;' for, when in the distance below the village, they saw the lightning flash from its sides, and heard the thunder come from it; others called it the 'big medicine canoe with eyes;' it was *medicine* (mystery) because they could not understand it; and it must have eyes, for said they, 'it sees its own way, and takes the deep water in the middle of the channel.'—They had no idea of the boat being steered by the man at the wheel, and well they might been astonished at its taking the deepest water.

Mr. Catlin has now arrived at one of the trading forts of the American Fur Company—some three thousand five hundred miles distant from his American home; and yet even here he met with an Englishman who had travelled thousands of miles further, and crossed the broad Atlantic in search of adventure. Here he was welcomed, of course, and, as he says, to a hospitable table, groaning under the luxuries of the country—'buffalo meat and tongues, beavers' tails, and marrow-fat,' but *sans* coffee, *sans* even bread and butter. Provisions, however, sometimes fall short even in this land of plenty, where 'catching

is having;' and soon after Mr. Catlin's arrival, a party was summoned, not, in European phrase, 'to hunt,' but 'to go for meat.' The parties start, carts follow on their trail, the rivers are passed, the bluffs mounted, and before them is a fine herd of four or five hundred buffaloes:

'Mons. Chardon 'tossed the feather,' a custom always observed, to try the course of the wind, and we commenced 'stripping' as it is termed (that is, every man strips himself and his horse of every extraneous and unnecessary appendage of dress, &c. that might be an incumbrance in running): hats are laid off, and coats—and bullet pouches; sleeves are rolled up, and a handkerchief tied lightly around the head, and another around the waist—cartridges are prepared, and placed in the waistcoat pocket, or a half a dozen bullets 'thrown into the mouth,' &c. &c., all of which takes up some ten or fifteen minutes, and it is not, in appearance or in effect, unlike a council of war. Our leader lays the whole plan of the chase, and preliminaries all fixed, guns charged and ramrods in our hands, we mount and start for the onset. The horses are all trained for this business, and seem to enter into it with as much enthusiasm, and with as restless a spirit as their riders themselves. * * * We carefully and silently marched, until within some forty or fifty rods; when the herd, discovering us, wheeled, and laid their course in a mass. At this instant we started! (and all must start, for no one could check the fury of those steeds at that moment of excitement,) and away all sailed, and over the prairie flew, in a cloud of dust which was raised by their trampling hoofs. M'Kenzie was foremost in the throng, and soon dashed off amidst the dust and was out of sight—he was after the fattest and fastest. I was after a huge bull whose shoulders towered above the whole band, and I picked my way through the whole crowd to get alongside of him. I went not for 'meat,' but for a trophy; I wanted his head and horns. I dashed along through the thundering mass, as they swept away over the plain, scarcely able to tell whether I was on a buffalo's back or my horse—hit, and hooked, and jostled about till at length, I found myself alongside my game, when I gave him a shot, as I passed him. I saw guns flash in several directions where the herd had gone, and our companions in pursuit, and nothing could be seen of them, nor indication, except the cloud of dust which they left behind them. At a little distance on the right however, I beheld my huge victim endeavoring to make as much headway as he possibly could, from this dangerous ground, upon three legs. I galloped off to him, and at my approach he wheeled around—and bristled up for battle; he seemed to know perfectly well that he could not escape from me, and resolved to meet his enemy and death as bravely as possible. I

found that my shot had entered him a little too far forward, breaking one of his shoulders, and lodging in his breast, and from his very great weight it was impossible for him to make much advance upon me. As I rode up within a few paces of him, he would bristle up with fury enough in his looks alone, almost to annihilate me; and making one lunge at me would fall upon his neck and nose, so that I found the sagacity of my horse alone enough to keep me out of reach of danger; and I drew from my pocket my sketch, book, laid my gun across my lap, and commenced taking his likeness. He stood stiffened up, and swelling with awful vengeance, which was sublime for a picture, but which he could not vent upon me. I rode around him in numerous attitudes, sometimes he would lie down and I would then sketch him; then throw my cap at him, and rousing him on his legs, rally a new expression, and sketch him again.

A fine subject this, it must be admitted, for an artist, but, as Mr. Catlin soon learned from the laughing of his friend, a fine old bull buffalo is not exactly fitted for human food.

Mr. Catlin now introduces the reader to the Indian tribes, who from time to time visit the Fort, for the purpose of trade. One of the Indian superstitions, of which the reader has most frequently heard, is the Medicine Bag. 'Medicine,' says Mr. Catlin, 'in common parlance among the Indians, means mystery and nothing more:—

'The 'medicine-bag' then, is a mystery-bag; and its meaning and importance necessary to be understood, as it may be said to be the key of Indian life and Indian character. These bags are constructed of the skins of animals, of birds, or of reptiles, and ornamented in a thousand different ways, as suits the taste or freak of the person who constructs them. These skins are generally attached to some part of the clothing of the Indian, or carried in his hand. * * Every Indian in his primitive state, carries his medicine-bag in some form or other, to which he pays the greatest homage, and to which he looks for safety and protection through life—and in fact it might almost be called a species of idolatry; for it would seem in some instances, as if he actually worshipped it. Feasts are often made, and dogs and horses sacrificed to a man's medicine: and days, and even weeks, of fasting and penance of various kinds are often suffered to appease his medicine, which he imagines he has in some way offended. * * The manner in which this curious and important article is instituted is this: a boy, at the age of fourteen or fifteen years, is said to be making or 'forming his medicine,' when he wanders away from his father's lodge, and absents himself for

the space of two or three, and sometimes even four or five days; laying on the ground in some remote or secluded spot, crying to the Great Spirit, and fasting the whole time. During this period of peril and abstinence, when he falls asleep, the first animal, bird, or reptile, of which he dreams (or pretends to have dreamed, perhaps,) he considers the Great Spirit has designated for his mysterious protector through life. He then returns home to his father's lodge, and relates his success; and after allaying his thirst, and satiating his appetite, he sallies forth with weapons or traps, until he can procure the animal or bird, the skin of which he preserves entire, and ornaments it according to his own fancy, and carries it with him through life, and 'good luck' (as he calls it;) as his strength in battle—and in death his guardian *Spirit*, that is buried with him; and which is to conduct him safe to the beautiful hunting grounds, which he contemplates in the world to come. The value of the medicine-bag to the Indian is beyond all price; for to sell it, or give it away, would subject him to such signal disgrace in his tribe, that he could never rise above it; and again, his superstition would stand in the way of any such disposition of it, for he considers it the gift of the Great Spirit. An Indian carries his *medicine-bag* into battle, and trusts to it for his protection; and if he loses it thus, when fighting ever so bravely for his country, he suffers a disgrace scarcely less than that which occurs in case he sells or gives it away; his enemy carries it off and displays it to his own people as a trophy; whilst the loser is cut short of the respect that is due to other young men of his tribe, and for ever subjected to the degrading epithet of 'a man without medicine;' or, 'he who has lost his medicine;' until he can replace it again, which can only be done by rushing into battle and plundering one from an enemy whom he slays with his own hand.'

This superstition, it will be observed, tends very strongly to make heroes after the savage model; which, by the bye, is the model common to all the world, for in civilized as in savage life, all heroes must be fighting men.—Every savage is thus, as it were, intruded with a sacred standard, which he cannot lose without dishonor, and must recover at any possible hazard.

The manner in which an encampment of Indians strike their tents and transport them, is singular:—

'Whilst ascending the river to this place, I saw an encampment of Sioux, consisting of six hundred of these lodges, struck, and all things packed and on the move in a very few minutes. The chief sends his runners or criers (for such all chiefs keep in their employment) through the village, a few hours before they are to start; announcing his de-

termination to move, and the hour fixed upon, and the necessary preparations are in the meantime making; and at the time announced, the lodge of the chief is seen flapping in the wind, a part of the poles having been taken out from under it; this is the signal, and in one minute, six hundred of them (on a level and beautiful prairie,) which before had been strained tight and fixed, were seen waving and flapping in the wind, and in one minute more all were flat upon the ground. Their horses and dogs, of which they had a vast number, had all been secured upon the spot in readiness; and each one was speedily loaded with the burthen allotted to it, and ready to fall into the grand procession. For this strange cavalcade, preparation is made in the following manner: the poles of a lodge are divided into two bunches, and the little ends of each bunch fastened upon the shoulders or withers of a horse, leaving the butt ends to drag behind on the ground on either side; just behind the horse, a brace or pole is tied across, which keeps the poles in their respective places; and then upon that and the poles behind the horses, is placed the lodge or tent, which is rolled up, and also numerous other articles of household and domestic furniture, and on the top of all, two three, and even (sometimes) four women and children! Each one of these horses has a conductress, who sometimes walks before and leads him, with a tremendous pack, upon her own back; and at others she sits astride of his back, with a child, perhaps, at her breast, and another astride of the horse's back behind her: clinging to her waist with one arm, while it affectionately embraces a sneaking dog-pup in the other. In this way five or six hundred wigwags, with all their furniture, may be seen drawn out for miles, creeping over the grass-covered plains of this country; and three times that number of men, on good horses, strolling along in front or on the flank, and, in some tribes, in the rear of this heterogeneous caravan; at least five times that number of dogs, which fall into the rank, and follow in the train and company of the women; and every cur of them, who is large enough, and not too cunning to be enslaved, is encumbered with a car or sled (or whatever it may be better called,) on which he patiently drags his load; a part of the household goods and furniture of the lodge to which he belongs. Two poles, about fifteen feet long, are placed upon the dog's shoulder, in the same manner as the lodge poles are attached to the horses, leaving the larger ends to drag upon the ground behind him; on which is placed a bundle or wallet which is allotted to him to carry, and with which he trots off amid the throng of dogs and squaws; faithfully and cheerfully dragging his load 'till night.'

The fashion of long hair prevails among all the tribes of Western Indians; but contrary to European usage, the women cannot, or are

not permitted to indulge in this luxury.

The Crows are in this way the admiration of all other tribes; the length of the hair of the chief, who received his name and office in consequence, measured ten feet six inches!

Mr. Catlin chanced to be present when the son of the chief of the Assiniboinas, Wi-jun-jon (the Pigeon's egg head) arrived on his return from Washington, whither he had accompanied the Indian agent:—

‘On his way home from St. Louis to this place, a distance of 2,000 miles, I travelled with this gentleman, on the steamer Yellow-Stone; and saw him step ashore (on a beautiful prairie, where several thousands of his people were encamped,) with a complete suit *en militaire*, a colonel's uniform of blue, presented to him by the President of the United States, with a beaver hat and feather, with epaulettes of gold: with sash and belt, and broadsword; with high-heeled boots—with a keg of whisky under his arm, and a blue umbrella in his hand. In this plight and metamorphose, he took his position on the bank, amongst his friends—his wife and other relations; not one of whom exhibited, for an half hour or more, the least symptoms of recognition, although they knew well who was before them. He also gazed upon them—upon his wife and parents, and little children, who were about, as if they were foreign to him, and he had not a feeling or thought to interchange with them. Thus the mutual gazings upon and from this would-be-stranger, lasted for full half an hour; when a gradual, but cold and exceedingly formal recognition began to take place, and an acquaintance ensued, which ultimately and smoothly resolved itself, without the least apparent emotion, into its former state; and the mutual kindred intercourse seemed to flow on exactly where it had been broken off, as if it had been but for a moment, and nothing had transpired in the interim to check or change its character or expression. Such is one of the stoic instances of a custom which belongs to all the North American Indians, forming one of the most striking features in their character; valued, cherished and practised, like many others of their strange notions, for reasons which are difficult to be learned or understood; and which probably will never be justly appreciated by others than themselves. This man, at this time, is creating a wonderful sensation amongst his tribe, who are daily and nightly gathered in gaping and listless crowds around him, whilst he is descanting upon what he has seen in the fashionable world; and which to them is unintelligible and beyond their comprehension; for which I find they are already setting him down as a liar and impostor. * * He is in disgrace, and spurned by the leading men of the tribe, and rather to be pitied than envied, for the advantages which one might have supposed

would have flown from his fashionable tour.'

So much for foreign travel and superior knowledge! In his after wanderings Mr. Catlin again met with this tribe, and there, in the midst of a listening group, was Wi-jun-jon, still discoursing, without any apparent exhaustion, on the manners and customs of the 'pale-faces,' and the marvellous things he had seen at Washington. His grand military costume, however, was by this time terribly tattered: as nobody could understand the use of the skirts of his coat, his wife had prudentially cut them off to make herself a pair of leggings, and for like reasons, the silver band round his hat she had converted into a pair of garters. Wi-jun-jon, however, retained his umbrella, for nobody could either understand the use of it, or devise a use to which it might be put, and the owner therefore still strutted about with it, open on all occasions, whether wet or dry. This poor fellow, like all who have presumed to know more than the people amongst whom their fortunes have been cast, or the age in which they chanced to be born, was first wondered at, then despised, then persecuted, and at length, formally condemned as an inveterate liar, and put to death.

The grandeur of the scenery about the Clay Bluffs it is impossible for words to describe—and we must therefore leave Mr. Catlin's pen-and-ink descriptions to be helped out with the pencil. The villages, as they are called, of the prairie dog, have been described by Washington Irving. We shall therefore proceed, and join company with the Mandans, 'the first created people,' according to their traditions, but now extinct; a people whom Mr. Catlin thinks, from some peculiarities, may have been the descendants of the famous Welsh colony which migrated somewhere, some centuries before America was known, out of the principality. He has, however, reserved his evidence and his speculations for the second volume, and we can wait for them with becoming patience. With this tribe Mr. Catlin resided for some time, and became intimately acquainted; and he has described in great detail their manners, customs, ceremonies, and peculiarities; we, however, must be content with a few general words:—

'Their village has a most novel appearance to the eye of a stranger; their lodges are

closely grouped together, leaving but just room enough for walking and riding between them; and appear from without, to be built entirely of dirt; but one is surprised when he enters them, to see the neatness, comfort, and spacious dimensions of these earth-covered dwellings. They all have a circular form, and are from forty to sixty feet in diameter.'

They are, in brief, built of timber, roofed with logs, and covered all over two or three feet thick with earth,—

—'which with long use becomes quite hard, and a lounging place for the whole family in pleasant weather—for sage—for wooing lovers—for dogs and all; an airing place—a look-out—a place of gossip and mirth—a seat for the solitary gaze and meditations of the stern warrior, who sits and contemplates the peaceful mirth and happiness that is breathed beneath him, fruits of his hard-fought battles, on fields of desperate combat with bristling Red Men. * * These cabins are so spacious, that they hold from twenty to forty persons—a family and all their connexions. They all sleep on bedsteads similar in form to ours, but generally not quite so high; made of round poles rudely lashed together with thongs. A buffalo skin, fresh stripped from the animal, is stretched across the bottom poles, and about two feet from the floor; which, when it dries, becomes much contracted, and forms a perfect sacking-bottom. The fur side of this skin is placed uppermost, on which they lie with great comfort, with a buffalo-robe folded up for a pillow, and others drawn over them instead of blankets.—These beds, as far as I have seen them (and I have visited almost every lodge in the village,) are uniformly screened with a covering of buffalo or elk skins, oftentimes beautifully dressed and placed over the upright poles or frame, like a suit of curtains; leaving a hole in front, sufficiently spacious for the occupant to pass in and out, to and from his or her bed. * * In the centre is a large post, fixed quite firm in the ground, and six or seven feet high, with large wooden pegs or bolts in it, on which are hung and grouped, with a wild and startling taste, the arms and armor of the respective proprietor; consisting of his whitened shield, embossed and emblazoned with the figure of his protecting *medicine* (or mystery), his bow and quiver, his war-club or battle-axe, his dart or javelin—his tobacco pouch and pipe—his *medicine-bag*—and his eagle, ermine, or raven head-dress; and over all, and on the top of the post (as it placed by some conjuror or Indian magician, to guard and protect the spell of wildness that reigns in this strange place,) stands forte and in full relief the head and horns of a buffalo, which is, by a village regulation, owned and possessed by every man in the nation, and hung at the head of his bed, which he uses as a mask when called upon by the chiefs to join in the buffalo-dance, of which I shall say

more in a future epistle. This arrangement of beds, of arms, &c., combining the most vivid display and arrangement of colors, of furs, of trinkets—of barbed and glistening points and steel—of mysteries and hocus poeas, together with the sombre and smoked color of the roof and sides of the lodge; and the wild, and rude and red—the graceful (though uncivil) conversational, garrulous, story-telling and happy, though ignorant and untutored groups, that are smoking their pipes, wooing their sweethearts, and embracing their little ones about their peaceful and endeared fire sides; together with their pots and kettles, spoons, and other culinary articles of their own manufacture, around them; present altogether, one of the most picturesque scenes to the eye of a stranger that can be possibly seen; and far more wild and vivid than could ever be imagined.

Mr Catlin observes, and truly, that great misapprehension prevails as to the character of the Indians; and no wonder—

'An Indian is a beggar in Washington city and a white man is almost equally so in the Mandan village. An Indian in Washington is mute, is dumb and embarrassed; and so is a white man (and for the very same reasons) in this place—he has nobody to talk to. A wild Indian, to reach the civilized world, must needs travel some thousands of miles in vehicles of conveyance, to which he is unaccustomed—through latitudes and longitudes which are new to him—living on food that he is unused to—stared and gazed at by the thousands and tens of thousands whom he cannot talk to—his heart grieving and his body sickening at the exhibition of white men's wealth and luxuries, which are enjoyed on the land, and over the bones of his ancestors. And at the end of his journey he stands (like a caged animal) to be scanned—to be criticised, to be pitied, and heralded to the world as a mute, as a brute, and a beggar. A white man, to reach this village, must travel by steamboat, by canoes, on horseback and on foot; swim rivers, wade quagmires, fight mosquitoes, patch his moccasins, and patch them again and again, and his breeches; live on meat alone, sleep on the ground the whole way, and think and dream of his friends he has left behind; and when he gets here, half-starved and half-naked, and more than half sick, he finds himself a beggar for a place to sleep, and for something to eat; a mute amongst thousands who flock about him, to look and to criticise, and to laugh at him for his jaded appearance, and to speak of him as they do of all white men (without distinction) as liars. These people are in the habit of seeing no white men in their country but Traders, and know of no other; deeming us all alike, and receiving us all under the presumption that we come to trade or barter; applying to us all indiscriminately, the epithet of 'liars' or Traders.'

But small-talk, gossip, garrulity, and story-

telling are, he says, especially characteristic of the Indians—and he gives us a pleasant sketch of Indian life as it appeared in the Mandan village, where he was residing:—

'One has but to walk or ride about this little town and its environs for a few hours in a pleasant day, and overlook the numerous games and gambols, where their notes and yelps of exultation are unceasingly vibrating in the atmosphere; or peep into their wigwams (and watch the glistening fun that's beaming from the noses, cheeks, and chins, of the crouching, cross-legged, and prostrate groups around the fire; where the pipe is passed, and jokes and anecdote and laughter are excessive) to become convinced that it is natural to laugh and be merry. Indeed it would be strange if a race of people like these who have little else to do or relish in life, should be curtailed in that source of pleasure and amusement; and it would be also strange if a life-time of indulgence and practice in so innocent and productive a mode of amusement, free from the cares and anxieties of business or professions, should not advance them in their modes, and enable them to draw far greater pleasure from such sources, than we in the civilized and business world can possibly feel. If the uncultivated condition of their minds curtails the number of their enjoyments; yet they are free from, and independent of, a thousand cares and jealousies, which arise from mercenary motives in the civilized world; and are yet far ahead of us, in my opinion, in the real and uninterrupted enjoyment of their simple natural faculties. They live in a country and communities, where it is not customary to look forward into the future with concern, for they live without incurring the expenses of life, which are absolutely necessary and unavoidable in the enlightened world; and of course their inclinations and faculties are solely directed to the enjoyment of the present day, without the sober reflections on the past or apprehensions of the future. With minds thus unexpanded and uninfluenced by the thousand passions and ambitions of civilized life, it is easy and natural to concentrate their thoughts and their conversation upon the little and trifling occurrences of their lives. They are fond of fun and good cheer, and can laugh easily and heartily at a slight joke, of which their peculiar modes of life furnish them an inexhaustible fund, and enable them to cheer their little circle about the wigwam fire side with endless laughter and garrulity. * *

'The Mandans are certainly a very interesting and pleasing people in their personal appearance and manners, differing in many respects, both in looks and customs, from all other tribes which I have seen. They are not a warlike people; for they seldom if ever carry war into their enemies' country; but when invaded, show their valour and courage to be equal to that of any people on earth.—Being a small tribe, and unable to contend on

the wide prairies with the Sioux and other roaming tribes, who are ten times more numerous; they have very judiciously located themselves in a permanent village, which is strongly fortified, and ensures their preservation. By this means they have advanced further in the arts of manufacture; have supplied their lodges more abundantly with the comforts, and even luxuries of life, than any Indian nation I know of. The consequence of this is, that this tribe have taken many steps a-head of other tribes in manners and refinements (if I may be allowed to apply the word refinement to Indian life); and therefore familiarly (and correctly) denominated, by the Traders and others, who have been amongst them, 'the polite and friendly Mandans.'

With the fearful tortures voluntarily undergone, which mark the religious ceremonies of this tribe, we shall not concern ourselves.—Portrait-painting, with its influences, is a pleasanter picture to dwell on:—

'Perhaps nothing ever more completely astonished these people than the operations of my brush. The art of portrait-painting was a subject entirely new to them, and of course, unthought of; and my appearance here has commenced a new era in the arcana of *medicine* or *mystery*. Soon after arriving here, I commenced and finished the portraits of the two principal chiefs. This was done without having awakened the curiosity of the villagers as they had heard nothing of what was going on, and even the chiefs themselves seemed to be ignorant of my designs, until the pictures were completed. No one else was admitted into my lodge during the operation; and when finished, it was exceedingly amusing to see them mutually recognizing each other's likeness, and assuring each other of the striking resemblance which they bore to the originals. Both of these pressed their hand over their mouths awhile in dead silence (a custom amongst most tribes, when anything surprises them very much); looking attentively upon the portraits and myself, and upon the palette and colors with which these unaccountable effects had been produced. They then walked up to me in the most gentle manner, taking me in turn by the hand, with a firm grip; with head and eyes inclined downwards and in a tone a little above a whisper—pronounced the words 'te-ho-pe-nee Wash-ee!' and walked off. That moment conferred an honor on me, which you as yet do not understand. I took the degree (not of Doctor of Laws, nor Bachelor of Arts) of Master of Arts—of mysteries—of magic, and of *hocus pocus*. I was recognised in that short sentence as a 'great *medicine white man*;' and since that time, have been regularly installed *medicine* or *mystery*, which is the most honorable degree that could be conferred upon me here; and I now hold a place amongst the most eminent and envied personages, the

doctors and conjurats of this titled community. After I had finished the portraits of the two chiefs, and they had returned to their wigwams, and deliberately seated themselves by their respective fire-sides, and silently smoked a pipe or two (according to an universal custom), they gradually began to tell what had taken place; and at length crowds of gaping listeners, with mouths wide open, thronged their lodges; and a throng of women and girls were about my house, and through every crack and crevice I could see their glistening eyes, which were piercing my hut in a hundred places, from a natural and restless propensity, a curiosity to see what was going on within. An hour or more passed in this way and the soft and silken throng continually increased, until some hundreds of them were clung, and piled about my wigwam like a swarm of bees hanging on the front and sides of their hive. During this time, not a man made his appearance about the premises—after awhile, however, they could be seen, folded in their robes, gradually siding up towards the lodge, with a silly look upon their faces, which confessed at once that curiosity was leading them reluctantly, where their pride checked and forbade them to go. The rush soon after became general, and the chiefs and medicine men took possession of my room placing *soldiers* (braves with spears in their hands) at the door, admitting no one, but such as were allowed by the chiefs, to come in.—Monsr. Kipp, the agent of the Fur Company, who has lived here eight years, and to whom, for his politeness and hospitality, I am much indebted, at this time took a seat with the chiefs, and, speaking their language fluently, he explained to them my views and the objects for which I was painting these portraits; and also expounded to them the manner in which they were made—at which they seemed all to be very much pleased. The necessity at this time of exposing the portraits to the view of the crowds who were assembled around the house, became imperative, and they were held up together over the door, so that the whole village had a chance to see and recognise their chiefs. The effect upon so mixed a multitude, who as yet had heard no way of accounting for them, was novel and really laughable. The likenesses were instantly recognised, and many of the gaping multitude commenced yelping; some were stamping off in the jarring dance—others were singing, and others again were crying—hundreds covered their mouths with their hands and were mute; others, indignant, drove their spears frightfully into the ground, and some threw a reddened arrow at the sun, and went home to their wigwams. * * The squaws generally agreed, that they had discovered life enough in them to render my *medicine* too great for the Mandans; saying that such an operation could not be performed without taking away from the original something of his existence, which I put in the picture, and they could see it move, could see it stir. This

curtailing of the natural existence, for the purpose of instilling life into the secondary one, they decided to be an useless and destructive operation, and one which was calculated to do great mischief in their happy community; and they commenced a mournful and doleful chaunt against me, crying and weeping bitterly through the village, proclaiming me a most 'dangerous man; one who could make living persons by looking at them; and at the same time, could, as a matter of course, destroy life in the same way, if I chose. That my medicine was dangerous to their lives, and that I must leave the village immediately. That bad luck would happen to those whom I painted—that I was to take a part of the existence of those whom I painted, and carry it home with me amongst the white people, and that when they died they would never sleep quiet in their graves.'

In this way the women and the old quack medicine men (one would really suppose we were describing matters which concerned us much more nearly), contrived to raise alarm and opposition; and at length a Council was called to take the subject into consideration. Mr Catlin attended; his explanations were held to be satisfactory, and he was forthwith installed as a Medicine:—

'I was waited upon in due form and ceremony by the *medicine-men*, who received me upon the old adage, 'Similis simili gaudet.'—I was invited to a feast, and they presented me a *she-shee-quo*, or a doctor's rattle, and also a magical wand, or a doctor's staff, strung with claws of the grizzly bear, with hoofs of the antelope—with ermine—with wild sage and bat's wings—and perfumed withal with the *choice and savoury* odour of the pole-cat, a dog was sacrificed and hung by the legs over my wigwam, and I was therefore and thereby initiated into (and countenanced in the practice of) the arcana of medicine or mystery, and considered a Fellow of the Extraordinary Society of *Conjurati*.'

From the London Athenaeum of August 25.

THE LOWELL OFFERING: *A Repository of Original Articles, written by Females employed in the Mills.* Nos. 1, 2, 3. Lowell, Mass., Powers & Bagley.

We have not forgotten Miss Martineau's interesting picture of the habits and manners of the factory-girls of Mew England; how they 'looked like well-dressed young ladies,' and in place of the bandana handkerchief, the established Lancashire *coiffure*, wore calashes in going to and fro between their dwellings and the mill, 'how some had gathered together libraries—others 'cleared off' mortgages from their fathers' farms—others educated the hope of the family at college.' Well might Miss Sedgwick, intimately acquainted with such a condition of plenty and civilization, remark with sad surprise the care-worn faces of our operatives, and the discrepancy between the troops of beggars and the highly-dressed cot-

tage gardens which English highway present! But yet more than by the pictures of the English, or the astonishment of the American authoress, is the wide discrepancy betwixt the new and the old country brought home to us, by this magazine, written, as we English should say, by 'the factory-girls at Lowell, or, as its own title-page sets forth, by 'Females employed in the Mills'. The very manner of its issue is characteristic. The cover, in place of bookseller's puff, bears the recommendation of the Mayor and other worshipful inhabitants of the town. The prospectus of its conductor announces that it does not, and shall not, contain 'a sentence of sectarianism and partyism' in any form; and on the yellow or blue wrapper of every number flaunts, by way of illustration, a coarse, but apparently faithful woodcut of one or other of the Lowell churches—St. Anne's Episcopal Church, the Baptist Church, the Methodist Church, &c. Nor do the contents wholly contradict the promise thus furnished of something in itself racy and noticeable, besides being valuable as an exponent of a state of society, to which we have nothing analogous. Remembering the garb of fustian and tinsel in which the imagination of most literary aspirants, especially in the humbler classes, is apt to walk abroad, we were somewhat surprised to find how little the Tabithas and Lisettes of the Lowell mills indulged in rhapsody and sentiment.

Romance enough there is in their compositions; but it takes a form of its own—a form wholly American, as we have a right to insist,—from a recollection of certain English periodicals written by women, and some experience of the poetry which English operative women have added to the shell adorned by the works of Elliot and Ragg. A rich husband, and a handsome silk dress, figure, it is true, somewhat too largely in the visions of the Lowell nymphs, but then there is as much wide-awake talk of the intellectual and moral advantages they are able to earn for themselves by factory labor,—lessons in music, lessons in French, and the like. Again, in place of whiskered heroes and the pink-and-white heroines of the Claras and the Clementines, of our Ladies' Museums, the reader will find figures exclusively American,—the homely, thriving patriarch,—the 'school ma'am,' with her pedantic modes of demeanor and instruction,—and glimpses of Thanksgiving and Forefathers' Day, and of those other festivities and celebrations, in which, be their form even as bald and uninviting as that of a Quaker festivity, the poetry of the genial human heart will somehow or other disclose itself. Nor is the literary merit of these portraiture despicable. Further, to draw extracts from this miscellany is not necessary. The indication of its existence (our article amounts to little more) can hardly pass, without attracting the attention of those who concern themselves in the well-doing and progress of our manufacturing classes.

From the London Keepsake, for 1842.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE—A TALE.

BY G. F. R. JAMES, ESQ.

In the reign of an ancient king of Great Britain, whose name was George, and who consequently is supposed to have flourished on this side, both of the Conquest by the Norman William and the Reformation of our Church under the renowned British Bluebeard, Henry the Wifekiller; and about the period at which the British stage-coach first sprung into existence, under the form and condition of a snail, and the title of a diligence, there appeared—by the side of a highway, which ran along the southern coast of England, and led to that spot with an awful name, still called the Dand's End—a solitary public-house, with a little circular piece of ground before it, and an apple orchard thickly planted with trees behind it; beyond which, again, was a place called The Garden; though it must be acknowledged, that those who did call it so were very courteous and liberal in their epithets. Every one who has seen Mount Edgecumbe, knows well that the most luxuriant vegetation which it is possible to imagine, can be produced at the very verge of old ocean's reign; but no such pains as are there bestowed had been given the vegetable kingdom of the garden of which I speak, and a scanty array of cabbages, turnips, and carrots, was all that the spot of ground could boast. Even that was looked upon in those days all but miraculous, considering that the garden crept to the very edge of the cliff which overhung the sea; and Neptune, as if indignant at the presumption of the thing, would come angrily up to the very bottom of the bank at high water, during all seasons of the year, but, when he got choleric in the spring and autumn, would bestow a buffet with his trident upon the cliff itself, which swept away, from time to time, a row of cabbages or a bed of onions, together with the soil in which they were planted. The house itself had an aspect somewhat gloomy, and its gables were turned towards the road, the entrance being reached by a step, not up but down.

The face of the landlord was a merry face and a gay; but with all that he was a prudent man, took care that his wit should go as far as it would, made one joke serve many customers, had a loud laugh to answer any question that he did not choose to give a more definite reply to, eked out his meaning by a knowing look, which is not tangible to the fangs of the law, and always spoke well of the justice of the peace.—His wife looked as if she could have been a Quaker: she was an Anabaptist, however, and it is supposed, or at least was supposed by the people in the neighborhood, that the beer in that house turned more rapidly sour than in any other in the county.

It was a nasty, squally, rainy afternoon; and the diligence was winding slowly along upon the aforesaid road, at the average pace of three miles and a half an hour; while the rain kept beating in at various points of the crazy and ill-

contrived vehicle, when one traveller in the inside said to another—'Forty miles more, Frederick, forty miles more.'

'Aye,' said the other, 'and this snail of a machine goes on as if it never intended to arrive at the end of the journey.'

'While your heart flies on with the wings of love,' replied the first who spoke; 'and yet cannot reach Mary's feet any faster than the diligence.'

The two gentlemen who thus conversed were the sole tenants of the machine, and they were both young men of five or six-and-twenty years of age. The one who was called Frederick, and whose name was, moreover, Prevot, was by far the handsomest of the two, and upon the whole a very good-looking man, though there was a certain grave and anxious look about his countenance, which those who loved him—and his friend's sister Mary, was one of those who loved him most—called deeply interesting; while those who did not love him pronounced it to be gloomy and sullen. Sullen he was not, for his was, in truth, a very quick and impetuous nature; but he had a strong imagination, and was by no means addicted to over bright hopes. After his friend had spoken, he remained silent for a minute or two, and then said—'Well, Willy, when will the diligence arrive after all?'

'Not till this time to-morrow,' replied his companion, laughing.

'Nonsense, William Gore,' said Frederick;—'you do not mean to say that the wretched thing will take four-and-twenty hours to go forty miles?'

'Why, it stops at a little inn a mile or two farther,' replied William Gore, 'for eight hours to sleep, as it is called, and you may think yourself very lucky if you do the rest of the journey in sixteen hours more.'

Frederick Prevot bit his lip, and said—'Cannot we get a chaise?'

'Not in such a night as this,' replied his companion. 'Besides, there is none to be had here. However, in consideration of your loverlike anxiety, I'll tell you what we will do. We will sleep here this night; have a good bottle of Burgundy if it can be procured; let our things follow by the diligence; hire two horses, and in five hours we shall be at home.'

This was all agreed to by his companion, although, to say the truth, Frederick, if he had had his own will, would have mounted a horse as soon as he got to the inn, and ridden on at full speed towards the end of his journey. By this time it was beginning to grow dusk, so that he would have had a darksome ride; it was raining as hard as it could pour, so that he would have had a cold one, and he himself was already extremely tired; so that every thing seemed to show that, though contrary to his own inclination, his stay at the inn would be for his benefit.

On arriving at the place of public reception we have described, the travellers made known their purpose, both to the driver of the diligence and to the landlord of the inn. The first of these two personages, as he intended to charge full price for the whole way, cared very little whether they went on with him or not. The landlord, on his part, vowed that he could give the travellers the best of every thing; but that the gentlemen must put up with a large double-bedded room, as every other room in the place was occupied. Frederick said, that he hoped that it was at the back, as they should be out of the way of all the noise and disturbance which was even then going on in the front. This the landlord declared was quite impossible; there was but one room that they could have, and that was in front. It was a capital room, however, he said, large and roomy; and they were consequently obliged to make up their minds to their fate.

As to the food set before them, the landlord kept his word. The dinner was most excellent, and though either Claret or Burgundy was an unknown commodity in the place, yet mine host declared that he had some Port of a very superior quality, some Madeira which had made more voyages round the world than Cook and Anson together, and some brandy, which also had been as much improved by travelling as any peer's son in the realm.

A crackling fire of dry wood, cheerful lights, though they were but tallow candles, some excellent fish, some game, for it was now autumn, with broiled fowl, and other accompaniments of the sort, greatly cheered the travellers; and although the landlord could procure no wine except Port, which proved of a very doubtful and unpleasant character, and a portion of which might well be suspected of growing upon English hedges, rather than in Portuguese vineyards he offered to bring forth rum of such as they had never tasted before, in their days. That was an age in which punch was considered as one of the most urbane and polished of all beverages; the travellers willingly agreed to betake themselves to the bowl, and the rum produced by the landlord even exceeded his promise in excellence, and made both the travellers marvel at finding any thing so excellent in a country inn. They were deep in their potations, when the landlord entered with the coachman of the diligence, who, knowing that the travellers did not intend to go on with him now appeared to demand his fare. Both put their hands in their pockets, and William Gore speedily settled his own part of the charge. Frederick Prevot, however, felt in his pockets in vain; he drew out a number of letters and papers, and then said, with a laugh 'Lend me some money, William, I must have left my pocket-book in my portmanteau.

After affecting for a moment to refuse, so as to make his companion somewhat angry, William Gore gave the money that was wanted, and they went on with their supper. The lender ate and drank more than the borrower, and towards ten o'clock they retired to rest in the double-bedded room which the landlord had mentioned. Frederick Prevot had one quality, which is not very unusual with quick and im-

petuous men, he slept, when he was asleep, like a stone, though it was often long after his head touched the pillow, ere slumber visited his eyes. It was thus on the night which I have mentioned; for an hour or more he lay awake listening to all the noises of the inn, and there were many; but after that he fell into a sleep which seemed as sound as death itself.

We must now take up a new personage in the drama, and speak of the Boots of the inn, who at an early hour of the following morning went to the door of the travellers' room to wake them, as he had been told. At first he modestly knocked, but no answer being returned, he went in and opened the window shutters. What was his surprise, however, to find the bed next to the windows, in which William Gore had slept, if the poor wretch, indeed, had been allowed to sleep at all, now vacant, though sadly tossed and tumbled about; the pillow and the bed-clothes deluged in gore, and all the signs, in fact, of some terrible act having been committed.

The Boots looked round the room and into the other bed; and then quitting the chamber in haste, told the landlord what he had beheld.—The landlord, the landlady, the chambermaid, and the ostler, all instantly rushed towards the stairs, but the landlord stopped the progress of the ostler, by sending him immediately for a constable and a neighboring justice. The rest of the party then returned with the Boots to the double-bedded room, where they found every thing as Boots had described; and, moreover, discovered that the towel and basin which Frederick Prevot had used the night before, were stained with blood; and on peeping into the bed, where he lay sound asleep, his face and pillow were found to be slightly bloody, while his right hand and arm, which was stretched out above the bed-clothes, had a good deal of blood upon the fingers and upon the shirt. The landlord wisely determined not to wake him till the constable came, and in the meantime further perquisitions were made. The stairs were covered with drops of gore; traces of the same kind were met with all the way through the garden to the top of the bank above the sea; footsteps were seen deeply sunk in the plashy ground, as if a man heavily laden had passed along; and in some places long trailing marks were found, which might very well have been produced by a person dragging along a dead body to throw it into the sea below. At length the constable arrived; Frederick Prevot was awakened with difficulty, and gazed round with a look of astonishment, which, if feigned, was certainly very well put on. That look of astonishment changed to indignation on being charged with the murder of his friend, and he had well nigh knocked down the man who had made the accusation, but he refrained; and what was his horror, when, on rising and dressing himself, as he was told to do, the pocket-book of William Gore, marked with a bloody thumb and finger, was found under his pillow!

Were we to follow the fashion of the day, we should dwell upon this examination before the magistrates, and his trial before a jury of his country; but, for the sake of being singular, or rather, perhaps, of going a step even beyond our

contemporaries, we will pass over all the painful incidents of his trial, and dwell upon the still more painful incidents of his execution.—Yes, reader, upon his execution; for the chain of circumstantial evidence was so strong, that the additional facts which came out on the trial, namely, that he had had no money on the preceding night to pay the coachman, that the pocket-book which he had pretended was in his portmanteau could not be discovered there, and that the chamber-maid had heard a man go out and come in, were quite sufficient to convince the jury of his guilt. Not a doubt indeed, remained on the mind of any person but one, and that was the sister of the murdered man—the promised bride of him who was about to end his days upon the scaffold. *She* did not believe him guilty; she knew well, she had loved him long, and it would have taken evidence ten times more strong, even to have raised a doubt in her mind. She openly and boldly declared her conviction of his innocence; she visited him in prison; she took leave of him with tenderness and devotion; she consoled him with reiterated assurances that she was as certain of his innocence, as of her own.

The fatal morning dawned at length, and as it was then the custom to execute persons condemned for murder in chains, and as near the spot where the deed had been committed as possible, the sentence of Frederick Prevot declared that he was to be hung in chains upon the moor, about half a mile from the inn where he had passed that inauspicious night. The prison in which he had been confined was at some distance, and though the time appointed for his execution was early in the day, the gazing spectators, who had assembled to witness the agony and death of a fellow-creature, were disappointed for some hours of that pleasant pastime by various accidents and misadventures which took place, and interrupted the march of the sad procession from the far off county town.

It seemed as if nature opposed herself to the hanging of an innocent man. The cart, in which, loaded with heavy irons and seated upon straw, he was drawn towards the moor, broke down at the end of the first five miles, and it took a long time to repair it. It was then discovered that the man who had undertaken the terrible office of executioner, and who, notwithstanding certain savage propensities of his nature which led him that way, was so much of a novice as to be nervous and uneasy, had slipped off secretly; nor was it till long search had been made, that he was found, drinking large draughts of spirits in a public-house. He was then placed in the same cart with the prisoner, and the march recommenced; but some way farther on, in going up a very steep hill, the horse that drew the cart fell down dead in the harness, and a new delay took place while another horse was sent for.—Thus the agony of that terrible journey was prolonged to poor Frederick Prevot for many hours, and his frame, worn with imprisonment, with the struggle of hope and fear, with indignation, anguish, and despair, seemed ready to sink under the protracted suffering thus inflicted on him, and many of those who accompanied the procession seriously thought that he would die be-

fore he reached the foot of the gallows. The clergyman who went with him to afford him spiritual consolation, was of that opinion, and mentioned it to the sheriff, who rode by the side of the cart on horseback, adding that the prisoner had tasted no food that day.

The sheriff was a kind-hearted man, and instantly approaching the prisoner, he said, 'You seem faint, sir; will you take a little wine at that public-house, or some brandy, or any thing that you like?'

'Sir,' replied Frederick, 'I will take nothing that can prolong my misery, even for a moment; and again he sank into silence.'

During the rest of the journey, the clergyman spoke to him from time to time, chiefly for the purpose of giving him what comfort he could; but at length approaching the moor, and the dark line of the gallows was seen rising in the evening air, the good man, in a low tone, urged Frederick earnestly to confess the crime. The young prisoner turned slowly round upon him, and said, 'Would you have me die with a lie in my mouth? I am innocent! and my innocence will some day be proved!'

Soon after this, the fatal spot was reached, and as it was now beginning to grow twilight, all the rest of the terrible proceedings were hurried as much as possible. Frederick Prevot showed firmness and readiness in all, and more strength than people had believed he possessed. Though the crowd, which had been there from the morning, was somewhat diminished, the numbers were still considerable, and while the executioner was in the act of adjusting the rope, the prisoner turned to the people, and said in a loud, clear voice, 'Remember, every one of you that to the very last moment of my life, and with the very last breath, I declare that I am innocent! Now,' he continued, turning to the hangman, 'is all ready?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the man, drawing the cap over his face; and without waiting for any further word, Frederick Prevot threw himself violently off the ladder, and remained suspended between heaven and earth.

A low murmur ran through the people, and it was a sad one too, for there was something in the manner of his death which shook the conviction even of those who had previously felt more sure of his guilt. Some indeed, went away, saying that he died game, but the great majority of the multitude separated with a feeling that, on that moor, an innocent man had just been murdered.

Such was the conviction of a shepherd, an elderly man, who feed the flock of a neighboring squire, the lord of the manor; and when he went home, he gave his wife an account of the whole proceedings, adding, 'They may say what they like, but I am very sure that poor gentleman did not kill the other one, and I should not wonder if the truth were found out some day.'

As was usual with this old man, in the very grey of the dawning of the following day, he led forth his sheep to pasture, and the feelings he had experienced on the preceding night, naturally made him turn his steps towards the gallows on the moor. Though it was a terrible sight, to see the body of a human being hanging

there, loaded with heavy chains, yet the old man felt an interest in all that had occurred, which made him pause and look up. In the meantime, the sheep began to take a wrong direction and he called to his dog to turn them back.—What was his surprise, however, when he heard a faint voice which seemed to come from the gibbett, inquire, 'Is there any body there?' and then add, 'For God's sake! take me down, or end my life, for this is very dreadful.'

The voice evidently came from the man who had been hanged, although the cap, which was still over his face, prevented the shepherd from seeing his lips move. At first, the old man had started with terror and nearly sunk to the earth, but now his natural exclamation was, 'Good Heavens! are you not dead yet?'

'No,' replied the voice, 'nor even hurt, except by remaining so many hours here. The rope does not press upon my neck at all, and somehow I am hanging by my legs and my arms.'

'Stay,' cried the shepherd eagerly; 'I will get a ladder, and take you down; but do not speak to any one else, for fear they should hang you again.'

Thus saying, the old shepherd ran faster than he had ran for thirty years, to a detached barn and rick-yard at a short distance, in which were lying several thatching ladders. Taking the largest of these, he was speedily at the foot of the gibbet, and had soon placed the feet of poor Frederick Prevot firm upon one of the rounds of the ladder. It was now very evident how he had escaped death. The hangman, both inexperienced and half drunk, had twisted the rope round the chains in such a manner that the noose never slipped at all, and the lateness of the hour at which the sentence was executed, presented the mistake from being perceived by others. The very suddenness of the spring which Frederick had given, had entangled the cord more strongly than ever in the chains, and as the last strong exertion which he made had exhausted, for the time, all his remaining corporeal powers, he fainted before he himself perceived that the anticipated death was warded off for the moment.

The shepherd went skilfully though cautiously to work to set him free. He first cut the cord that pinioned his hands, and having thus enabled him to grasp the ladder firmly, he cut the noose from round his neck, and hastened to descend, leaving room for Frederick to follow.—The poor young man, however, was so feeble, and so stiff, that it was with the greatest difficulty he crept down, and even then could not support himself upon his feet, though the poor shepherd was in great agitation and terror lest any one should come up, as the sun was now fully risen. For Frederick to reach his cottage quickly, was quite out of the question; and as the best thing he could do for him, the old man supported him to a deep little hollow on the moor filled with tall heath, and hid from any much frequented path. There he made him lie down, covered him over as well as he could, and hastened home to get some hot milk and other restoratives, such as he thought best calculated to give him strength to complete his escape.—His efforts were fully successful; Frederick re-

covered sufficiently to reach the old man's cottage as soon as it was dark, and, under cover of the subsequent night, he made his way towards the dwelling of her who was now weeping him as dead, and lost to her for ever. The disappearance of the body from the gallows excited some conversation, but small surprise. Many people said that the corpse had gone to the anatomists, and the chains to the old iron shop; others again, declared that the friends of the criminal had carried off the body to bury him; but no one entertained a suspicion of the truth. In the meanwhile, the shepherd, making some reasonable excuse, gave his flock into the charge of a neighbor for the time, and accompanied Frederick to the house of Mary Gore.

The old man undertook the task of breaking the news to her, and delicate indeed was that task; for, at the best, the tidings had well nigh killed her with joy. The door of the neat small house which she had inhabited alone since her mother's death, about two years before, was soon open for Frederick Prevot, and their meeting was one on which it will not do to dwell. He found her in the dress of a widow; and though he would fain have lingered, and would almost have risked any thing rather than leave her again yet Mary's only anxiety was to get him beyond the shores of England as speedily as possible.

She promised to follow him immediately if he would go to the West Indies, and there to unite her fate to his. Though his property was, of course, lost for ever, yet hers was ample, according to all the calculations of love, and she proposed to sell every thing in England immediately, and to purchase property beyond the jurisdiction of the English law. The sum required to enable Frederick himself to proceed on his way was soon provided; and as there were no careful Bow-street officers watching the ports anxiously for a man who was supposed to be dead, Frederick Prevot was suffered to sail quietly away in a West Indian trader, and arrived safely at Jamaica after the ordinary time occupied by the passage in those days. The captain and several of the passengers, indeed, had remarked about him a certain degree of anxiety and reserve, which the captain, who was a good-humored soul, had striven to overcome by various little acts of kindness. When the vessel arrived, the captain took him on shore in his own boat, with another passenger, and promised to show them a house where they could get good lodging. As they were walking along, however, before a row of low stores and warehouses, the captain and the other passenger suddenly perceived the blood rush up into their companion's face, and with a leap like that of a maniac, he darted forward and seized the arm of a gentleman who was walking slowly on before them, talking to a negro.

The gentleman instantly turned round, and exclaimed, 'Ha! Frederick Prevot!'

'Frederick Prevot!' cried the captain, running up and gazing upon his face, 'why that is the man that was hanged for the murder of Mr. Gore.'

'I am the man that was hanged for the murder of Mr. Gore,' replied Frederick, turning round, but still holding the other by the hand,

and this is Mr. Gore himself, for whose murder I was hanged.'

'Well, this is the oddest story I ever heard,' cried the captain; 'how can two dead men come to meet at Kingston, Jamaica?'

'Are you all joking, Frederick?' demanded William Gore, with a grave and sorrowful face. 'Is it possible that the accident that befel me at the inn, has led to such misery and sorrow as your strange words seem to imply?'

'It is too true, indeed,' replied Frederick.

'Why, I have got the newspaper in my pocket, myself,' said the captain, 'with the account of the execution, and there is another in the ship containing all about the murder, and a wood-cut of the bloody villain cutting his friend's throat in bed.'

'The fools!' cried William Gore, 'why, the whole thing was as simple as possible, I ate and drank too much that night, Frederick, and I was awoken by a violent bleeding at the nose. I searched about for some cold water and washed my face, thinking that would stop it; but finding that it did not succeed in so doing, I determined to go out into the air. I recollected, however, that I had not much liked the appearance of the people of the house, and as it was necessary to leave the door open, I tried to wake you, but you slept like a stone; and I thrust my pocket-book under your pillow. I then went down stairs and out into the orchard, intending to go down through the garden, which I had seen on the preceding night, to the top of the cliff, when, suddenly, I stumbled upon three or four men, who were dragging up what I now find were contraband West India goods, upon a little

truck. At first they seemed inclined to murder me, declaring that I was a custom-house officer come down from London, and I could only obtain mercy upon the hard condition of suffering myself to be carried on board the ship, which was then lying off the coast. They promised to set me on shore again, or to put me into the first fishing-boat they met with; but they either met with none, or were determined to keep their word in neither respect, for they brought me straight on to St. Lucie, and with difficulty have I found my way hither, having nothing in my pocket but a couple of stray guineas. I am now waiting here for remittances from England, but certainly had no idea of seeing you, Frederick, though I took it for granted that your marriage with Mary would be postponed in consequence of the uncertainty attending my fate.'

It was not very long after this interview that Mary Gore herself arrived, and strange indeed were her sensations, when a boat came out to welcome her, containing the brother and the lover, both of whom she had for a time believed to be dead.

The events which I have just detailed, made a great sensation at the time; and the captain of the packet still continued to declare that it was the oddest story he had ever heard. It is nevertheless a true one: and the gentleman from whom I heard the tale, had seen the original record, and gave me the real names of all the persons concerned; for the names herein assigned to the different characters in the book are, to the best of my recollection, the only fictitious part of the narrative.

From the London Keepsake for 1821.

TO A CLOUD.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, R. N.

I have plunder'd the ocean, distill'd the salt wave,
Then have flown with my treasures the harvest to
save,
And the yeoman who watch'd the clear skies in
despair,
First hail'd me with joy, then knelt grateful, in
prayer.
By the tempest's loud roar I've been summon'd
away,
With my fellows to join in dire battle array;
Hurl'd on by the wild blast o'er each other dash-
ing,
In conflict fierce mingling with thunder loud crash-
ing,
And the lightning's blue fires blind the vain scap-
tic's eye,
Who now owns there's a God, and who trembles
to die.
'Tis the shriek of hope fled, on the wild billows
tost,
The fore-mast is shiver'd, the proud vessel's lost;
The lightning has scathed her, the flames sweep
the deck,
The helmsman, struck blind, clings aghast to the
wreck;
Those who fondly had dwelt on the welcome of
home,
Press'd and madden'd by fire, seek a watery tomb.
Arraign not, 'twas mercy—the Lord throned on
high,

View'd the taint in the air and the blight in the sky.
Some die; but contagion has fled from the shore,
And millions are spared still to love and adore.
Cloud, that rest on the hill, till the bright beams of
day
Shall compel thee to rise and to wander away,
Like the eagle, which spreads his wings, flagging
with dew,
Then soars up through wide space, to the far realms
of blue;
Whether poised, as the albatros, on the wing sleep-
ing,
Or sailing with light winds thy dewy tears weeping,
Or roll'd up before the wild hurricane's blast,
Now the summer is over, say, Cloud, what has
past?
Oft o'er the night's queen I have thrown my dark
veil,
To hide from her deeds which might well turn her
pale;
Deeds, which mortals but seek from each other to
hide,
While the eye of an all-seeing God they deride.
I have sunk down to earth at the evening's soft
gley,
To refresh the scorch'd flowers which were faint-
ing away,
O'ercharged with my dews they have hail'd the
bright sun,
And smiled through their tears, as their perfumes
he won.

DONNYBROOK FAIR.

From Bentley's Miscellany for October.

'Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook Fair?—

An Irishman all in his glory is there,

With his sprig of shillelah, and shamrock sog een.
His clothes spick and span new, without e'er a speck,

A new Barcelona tied nate round his neck;

He goes to a tint, and he spends half-a-crown;

He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down,

With his sprig of shillelah, and shamrock sog green.'

'Ireland's glory and her shame,'—the great fair of the country,—the annual revel so celebrated in song and story,—the unapproachable and unequalled *Donnybrook Fair* is to be put down! It is extremely probable that this may be the last year of its celebration, for, independently of the power of the law, which has been brought to bear against it, Father Mathew has given it a blow, from which it can never recover. The march of intellect is not in the direction of fairs. *Fairlop* is to be 'knocked up;' *Bartlemy* 'gradually abolished;' and *Donnybrook* is virtually put down. This is no subject for regret; and with regard to the last, although it has been called 'the safety-valve of the national spirit,' there need be no fear of a popular explosion when it is destroyed. It has been so renowned, however, in its day, that it is worth a parting notice, for many reasons; and as we have had the pleasure of visiting this 'once celebrated place of public amusement, at the eleventh hour, an account of our observations may not be wholly uninteresting, more particularly to those who have often heard of, but 'ne'er had the luck to see Donnybrook Fair!'

Donnybrook is a small village, not quite an hour's walk from Dublin. It consists principally of one long narrow street, at the end of which, with the high-road passing between, there is an extensive green, and on this green the fair was held. It commenced on the 26th August, and usually continued about a fortnight. Cattle, &c. were sold in it for the first day or two, before the amusements began; and it was always remarkable for being crowded with booths for eating and drinking. It has been said with regard to the latter, that as much whisky was usually sold in the fair in *one day* as in the whole of Dublin in a *week*! More properly speaking, the whisky was sold in the fair in the night, for this was the time when the fun was at its height. In Dublin a man can get more whisky than is sufficient to make him very comfortably intoxicated for two-pence or three-pence: and as the love of that 'blessed licker' by the lower orders surpassed their fondness for everything else—except fighting, it may readily be supposed that very few of those who went to

the fair returned from it sober. In short, after dark, when the fair was filled by nearly all the lower orders of Dublin, it became nothing better than an immense assemblage of drunken men and infamous women. None of the wit and humor supposed to be peculiar to the place was to be found, but only an infuriated drunken mob quarrelling with each other, and plundering those who unhappily fell in their way.

In Ireland there are unfortunately such an interminable variety of clashing interests, that men hardly keep from quarrelling when they meet together in large numbers, even if they continue sober; and the violence of party-spirit exhibited by such a class of men as those we have alluded to—the very lowest class in Dublin,—maddened with liquor, can hardly be imagined. Every night there was sure to be a furious and sanguinary faction-fight, or conflict of some kind or other. The men from the small villages adjoining Dublin, for some senseless cause, bore a deadly animosity to a class of men who live in a part of Dublin called '*The Liberty*'—a place with which 'Saint Giles's rookery' for order, cleanliness, and propriety, is far too good to be compared. The *Liberty boys*, although during the greater portion of the year they might be reduced to the verge of starvation, always mustered in strong force at Donnybrook Fair; they always got drunk, and always had a faction-fight. The scenes that ensued on such occasions cannot be described intelligibly. The place contained the elements of every kind of mischief; and it was seldom that the constables could venture to interfere, for they knew from experience that the factions would generally cease hostilities with each other for a time, in order to combine their power for an attack on the protectors of the peace, who were not unfrequently in such cases beaten insensible—if not killed.

The fighting, however, was hardly the worst feature of the fair. Robberies of the most atrocious character were perpetrated with impunity. The attraction of the fair naturally drew to it a great number of the young men of Dublin, who resorted thither to see the fun and participate in the amusements—for dancing was kept up with spirit in all the booths, till it terminated in such a *malcoo* as we have described. Many of these young men were frequently marked out by low ruffians as victims for plunder, even before they entered the fair. They were attacked with brutal violence, beaten severely, and robbed of everything valuable about them. To afford some idea of the real character of the fair of late years to those who have only heard of it as a place for fun and merrimeat, we may be per-

mitted to mention one instance of this daring kind of robbery, which was stated to us by an intimate friend of one of the sufferers. Three young men went down to the fair one evening at dusk, intending to return early. They were induced, however, to enter one of the booths, and called for some punch. Here they were marked for robbery. A man came in, and, after looking at them for some time, went out, and returned with several low fellows, who placed themselves near the entrance. One of them shortly afterwards took up one of the gentlemen's tumblers of punch, and after drinking a portion, threw the rest in his face. The young men saw it was intended to 'riz a fight,' but they contrived to escape out of the place, and having reached the entrance of the fair, they hired a car to return home. These cars are unlike any public conveyances in England, persons sitting on them back to back, with a small space, like a child's coffin, between, called 'the well.'—They had hardly taken their seats, when the car was beset, and although now in the public road, the thieves attacked them with savage fierceness. They knocked one off his seat with a shillelah, and set on the others front and rear. The young men, seeing they were thus surrounded, made a desperate resistance, and called on the people around for help. This only produced a general fight; one of the gentlemen was nearly killed, having his skull fractured; the others escaped with some severe contusions, but with their clothes torn off their backs, and robbed of everything they had about them. Every one who knew the state of Donnybrook Fair a few years ago could relate many instances of a similar character.

An Irish gentleman once gave an amusing account of an evening's adventures there, which will afford a very good illustration of the humors of the fair in general. We will present his account as nearly as possible in his own words, though the absence of the rich brogue with which he spoke, the twitch of the shoulders, and, above all, the humorous look with which he enriched portions of it, will make the written account very flat, compared with his description. He was 'a lad of the old school,' and had been 'a right gay fellow' in his time. He had a bitter hatred against temperance societies, and everything, indeed, which he thought tended to put down 'the sprits o' the people.'

'I think I ought to remember 'The 'Brook,' anyway,' said he, 'for devil such a slatin' did I ever get before or since, as the night I win down wid Pether Sleevin. A right gay fellow was Pether, and from the kingdom o' Kerry, too. He was a medical student at that time, rest his sowl, (for he's dead long ago,) and for a skrimmage such a boy you wo'dn't pick out of the whole county. Well, towards the ind ov August, jist the second day ov the fair, wh should come up to Dublin but Pether, an' ov course he come an' dined wid me. After we'd dined, an' wur jist mixin' our

fourth tumbler o' punch, (by the same token that I only used to take three whin I was alone by meself,) 'Boyle,' sis he to me, 'isn't this Donnybrook Fair?' sis he.—'Faith, an' it is,' sis I, 'an' sure ther 'll be some sport there to-night, I'm thinkin'.'—'An', what's the r'ason we're not to go?' sis he. 'Is the sprit g'in' out ov the counthry intirely, that a dacent man like yerself, who knows how to handle a twig wid the best o' thim, should be makin' yerself a hermit at this s'ason o' the year?' sis he.

'It didn't want much pursuashun thin to make me say 'yes' to sich an invitashun, for there wasn't a trick on the town but I know'd somethin' ov it. So afther we'd cleared off our punch, and one tumbler more—to rinse it down—for the boys at that time wo'dn't be botherin' themselves wid tay, like they do now, off we went to go down to the fair. It was jist dark, an' the ould *Charles* wur comin' their rounds, wid their long poles, an' their lanterns, as they always used to do early in the night, before any skrimmages begun in the streets, bekase *thin*, ye see, they always kept in their watch-boxes. But no matter for that—the crathurs! Sure warn't they better than all the po-lis in the world—barrin' the pathroles? It's the po-lis, them, new po-lis, that spoil the sport intirely. Before they wur invented, Dublin was the place for fun and sprits, an' there was no comin' up before the magistrates in the mornin' mind ye, afterwards. If a man took a *Charley's* pole from him, an' tapped him on the head wid it—what matter? Sure a pound note was a good plaster; an' iv ye did git to the watch-house—which ye'd no call to do iv ye only minded how to do the thing properly, but iv ye did get to the lock-up, ye had only to lave a couple o' pounds for bail, an' they'd do for ye's app'arance in the mornin' But, now, och hone! thim Peelers destroy us.—They're 'sport sp'ilers' intirely. Everything's brought up to the inspiector; an' they won't take leg-bail.

'Well, Pether an' I went up to Stephen's Green, an' there we got a car, ov coorse, that wur goin' down to Donnybrook. 'Fourpence a-piece,' sis the man, 'an' all at once.'—'That'll do, sir,' sis Pether, an' so up we got, wid four men more on the seats, an' two in the well o' the car, which oughten to carry only four altogether; an' indeed the horse seemed to think he'd got his number. But cruelty to animals wasn't minded then, whin people were goin' down to 'The 'Brook.'—So the horse *droke* us all down, an' may be we warn't merry on the road at all! But whin we come to pay our fare,—'Sixpence each,' sis the man. 'Oh, the devil fly away wid yer sixpence, sir!' sis Pether. 'Do ye see any cobwebs on my eyelashes?' sis he.—'An' do ye think I'd be afther insultin' ye wid sixpence, whin ye only asked fourpence?' sis he. 'Ah! don't be humbuggin' me,' sis the carman. 'Oh, ye's a nate lad!' said Pether; 'but I'll not give ye as much as would bile

two small prates, over yer fare!" *sis he.*—The fact is, we wanted a bit ov a scrimmage about the twopence, an' so we bothered the man till we see the perspiration comin' through his hat!" an' thin he was afther callin' Pether 'a Jackeen'! Whin he said this, Pether knocked him down, like Oliver Crommel did the Pope, an' 'pon me conscience, in a minute we'd fightin' enough for twenty Connaught men. For whin the carman got up, he took another man, in the dark, for Pether, an' he lent him such a touch on the side ov his hat, as brought him down like a lafe on a windy day. Thin, what wid people interferin' to stop the fight, an' what wid boys comin' up to fight, in less time than a pig wo'd uncurl his tail, there wur twenty 'twigs' at work at the smallest. But, as Pether an' me," said Mr Boyle, with an arch wink of his eye, "didn't wish to make a disturbance at the first of the evenin', we thought it was judicious to lave the spot, and so, owin' the carman (who was a-fightin' wid a friend,) his fare till we met him again, we wint on very quietly to have a glass of punch in a tint.

"At that time temperance wazn't understood in this country, and Donnybrook was a whisky brook. But them days are gone, so they are. Father Mathew has desthroy'd the spr'its of the country. Think of their havin' a temperance tay-party at Donnybrook last month—think o' that now! and not a drunken man among all the tay-totallers but only one; and he only after getting drankin' fun! Ah, I suppose they'll lave off smokin' dudeen soon!

"Iv ye could have seen the fair at that time, ye'd niver forgit it. The large green on each side of the road covered with tints and people, an' every one wid a dudeen an' a shillelah—the men I mane, not the tints. Then, to see the row ov big tints behind, wid all the conjourers, an' the boxin men, an' the players ov the country. An' thin to hear the music an' the beautiful pipes, an' the fiddles a-scrappin' in every tint; an' every boy wid a lass dancin' for the life on the hall-doors that had been borrowed from half the Liberty. Ah! that was the time for the fair. No temperance—no po-lis then; all fun, an' all in good humor. But wait till I tell ye's. There wur a fight sometimes, or how would I be sayin' what a slatin' I got? But such a fight as I'm goin' to tell ye of didn't often happen.

"The night we wint down, there wur two men met in the fair who oughtn't to have come together there by any manes. One ov thim was a shoemaker from the Liberties, Pat Reilly, an' he had been a eneatin' an' playin' his thricks upon Jim Murphy, an' he came from Dundrum. Jim thought he'd meet Reilly, an' he said iv he did, he'd slaughter him, an' so he did—met him, I mane. Jim had twenty boys at his elbow, an' so had Reilly nearly, for the Liberty boys wur always ready for a scrimmage at Donnybrook. Well, in a minute Jim spied out Pat Reilly, an' he was wid him in a whisper. 'Stop, ye

could ugly bla'guard! ye thief ov the world!" *sis Jim,* 'I've got a reckenin' wid you, I have' *sis he.* 'An', boys, mind, let this turn be only wid Reilly an' me, an' let none of ye's interfere, an' by my mother's blessin' I'll slate him.' The boys stood round 'em, an' in a moment they wur at it. Jim Murphy was an iligant made boy. Every limb ov him looked as iv it had been made for a giant, an' his big thick fist grasped a shillelah that hadn't been cut for ornament. Pat Reilly was a dirty little bla'guard. While Jim had his Sunday clothes on, though they wur covered by his large frieze coat, which he scorned to take off, out of contempt of the shoemaker, Pat hadn't a rag on worth askin' for. He wore no coat—because he had none, an' his breeches were all untied at the knees, an' his stockings hanging about his legs. An' yet, for all that, ye could see by his knowin' face, an' his malignant eye, that he was more than a match for Jim in cunnin', though he hadn't so much 'power in his elbow.' But, however, at it they wint, and everybody thought Jim would slate the other as he'd promised. 'Pon me conscience it would have made a good pictur'. They had got in front of one of the largest shows in the fair, for the light ov the lamps, an' whin the people ov the shows saw a faction-fight was goin' to begin, they stopped their dancin', an' the only music ye soon heard was Jim an' Pat's shillelahs as they met in the air. Jim poured his blows down so hearty an' so well, that there was little doubt who would kiss the sod first. But, as Reilly got beaten, so he got more venomous an' full ov revenge, till at last he was like a devil from the infernal place, an' leppin' about the ground like a madman.—Jim hardly had a scratch upon him, while Reilly's head was covered wid wounds an' blood, that run down the sides of his face like a fountain; an' his head all clotted with gore.

At last Jim aimed a blow that he intended should finish the business. He swung his thick shelelah round his head, and while it was in full swing, he brought it down intending it for the forehead of Reilly. But it took him on the ear, an' it tore it off as clane as iv a winch had done it. Reilly shrieked out wid the agony, and he seemed to be faintin'; but in a moment he put his hand in his breast, an' like a wild hyena he rushed in upon Jim, and clutched him by the head. The villian had armed himself *wid his shoemaker's knife*, in case he should be beaten, an' now he used it. Before Jim could tell what he'd be at, he caught him by the hair wid his right hand, an' wid his left he made a gash across his windpipe, that almost cut his head from his body!

"After this, I can hardly tell ye what happened, for every boy who had a stick wid him took a part in the fight. Pether Sleevin an' I tried to get under one of the caravans, but some rotfians that saw us, said we were constables in disguise, an' in a moment a hundred wild savages were down with us. Pe-

ther fought like a gentleman, as he always did; but we wur beth bea'en senseless, an' the first recollection I had, was findin' myself on a low bed in one of the public houses of the town, wid Pether standin' by me, an' his head patched all over like an old quilt! As for me, I didn't know for a day or two, whether I had any head at all, for it was just the size of my body; but by degrees I got round, an' as I got married the next year, the mistress would never let me go near 'The Brook' again; and so, ye see, I've a bether remembrance ov the fightin' than the fun; though mind ye, I wou'd nt speak disparagin' ov the fair, for all that!

At length the lord mayor of Dublin determined, if possible to put a stop to this annual celebration of riot, debauchery, and robbery; and on the establishment of the new police, in 1838, the mayor for that year caused every tent to be closed at dusk, and prohibited the fair continuing more than three days the consequence was, that it passed off quietly. But the person who received the rent for the show-booths, &c. during the continuance of the amusements, was far from being satisfied with this arrangement and brought his action against the Mayor for interfering in the manner described. The cause was tried before the Chief Justice, who delivered an excellent charge to the jury, on the necessity of preserving the public peace by limiting the continuance of the disgraceful scene to the shortest possible period, and a verdict was given accordingly. The police, acting on this authority, have since obliged every drinking-booth to be closed at dusk, though they are still allowed to remain on the ground a week. The number is diminishing every year, as the owners do not find it worth their while to visit the place, and the late temperance reformation among the poorer classes of Dublin will, no doubt, put them down altogether. Donnybrook Fair is therefore virtually abolished. As we had the opportunity of visiting the place last year, we shall describe briefly what struck us at the time as being worthy of observation. It should be mentioned that the use of 'the craithur' had not then been publicly renounced by the hundreds of thousands who have since 'taken the pledge,' and the last glimmerings of the 'ould ancient spirit of the fair' were therefore just visible.

Dublin itself did not show any of the symptoms of excitement it once used to exhibit on such occasions. The principal feature was an extra number of conveyances, for while the fair continues there are a great number of cars at different parts of the city, that convey passengers to the scene of amusement for fourpence, or sixpence, according as an arrangement is made with the gentleman who drives the horse, *before or after* leaving Dublin. If a bargain is not struck first, he claims sixpence as a matter of course, and the fights (an Irish word for noisy disputes) which occur between him and his fares on

many occasions on account of the twopence, are slight memorials of the greater battles of other kinds which formerly took place.

The lower class of people in Dublin ride about a great deal more than the working classes of London, although they are poorer, in consequence of car-hire being so much less than the cab-fares of London. Half a dozen may go down to Donnybrook for eighteen pence, if they agree with the driver previously.

On the Sunday before the fair, which commenced on Monday, and was allowed to continue during the remainder of the week, we went down to observe the place. On this day, which was called, 'Walking Sunday,' Donnybrook used to be a scene of awful intemperance; but on the present occasion not a single booth was permitted to be erected, and nothing could be sold on the green. Parties of the police, about twenty in number, paraded the green and town; and a considerable number of mounted patrols were scattered about the place, to be in readiness should any disturbance take place. On Monday, the 26th of August, the fair commenced. On the left hand side of the green from the town, five small amusement shows were erected, and on the right about sixty drinking booths. The latter were ranged side by side, forming a long line. Each of them had its name or sign; and, considering the restrictions imposed on their proprietors, they were substantially built.

The chief attractions of the fair appeared to be provisions for eating and drinking, but the kind of food showed that the taste of the visitors differed in some particulars from the frequenters of the well-known 'Bartlemy Fair.' There were a few sausages preparing for the lovers of forced-meat, here and there; and the savoury odour they diffused around was very similar to that at 'Bartlemy.' An epicure might have turned up his nose at their appearance and hinted, that the pie-man's observations to Sam Weller were founded on fact; but the purchasers of the dainties appeared determined on enjoying the savoury morsels without unpleasing reflections on their preparation. Bread and cheese were in great request. The poorer classes in Dublin seldom enjoy this luxury; and though it might appear common to a cockney, it was by no means so to the Dubliners. One lady, the proprietor of a table near the entrance to the green, had an ample supply of 'real Cheshire,'—at least, she called them so; but they looked like large lumps of Bees'-wax, and the smaller portions like yellow batter-pudding. Three of the usual size were placed on a low table, and on the top of them the lady was seated, with becoming dignity. A large supply of 'pen'orths' were arranged in the front of the table. Pigs' trotters appeared to be a drag in the market: being very common in Dublin, they were no luxury; and although the vendors gave a liberal supply of salt to the article, yet many of these stalls,

on the fourth day of the fair, diffused a very unpleasant odour, and the price as well as the quality of the trotters was evidently on the decline. One or two gentlemen, who paraded the fair with 'hot peas,' appeared to possess a novel dish, and were honored with much patronage, although I heard one customer, who had purchased some, remark, 'that it wasn't rale butter wid 'em.' I did not ascertain whether the peas were green, grey, or split; but, whatever they were, they were certainly a dainty. The chief luxury of the fair every day, except Friday, was 'pig's face and *biled greens*.' The number of iron pots supported over small turf fires contained over small turf fires containing these delectable articles were beyond all calculation.

On Friday they gave place to food of a different kind. Nearly all the visitors being Catholics, of course, meat was not eaten on Fridays. In its place was an ample supply of fish—salt herrings! ling! cockles! all prepared in the first style of art, to gratify the appetites of purchasers. But notwithstanding the large supply of these, and similar dainties, some of the usual eatables of a fair were wanting. There was not one gingerbread-stall; nor a spice nut in the whole place! The only approach to these usual fairings were a few pennyworths of children's 'eight-a-penny;' little bits of gingerbread-pastry, that are unsavory in all months excepting those of school-boys. Pastry is the rarest thing in Dublin excepting in the shops of pastry cooks you may dine at a gentleman's table for six months, and not taste a pudding. This national peculiarity, for such it really is, may account for the deficiency of sweet things at the fair. The frequenters of it looked only for the more substantial kind of food. Indeed, many circumstances showed that the fair was more a country feast than city entertainment. There was not a toy in the place, but what might have been purchased for a few pence. Fancy stalls there were none. A few tables and table cloths spread on the grass, covered with penny dolls and whistles, constituted the toys of the fair. We were told that in former times, Donnybrook, like other fairs, had a good supply of the usual fairings; but, on the occasion now described, the only temptation for purchasers were the savoury provisions and the whiskey.

The drinking booths, as just mentioned, were pretty numerous, and the frontage certainly had an imposing appearance. During the day, a few planks, of a room door, taken from some apartment in 'the Liberty,' was placed before the entrance to each tent, and on these, during the whole day, ladies and gentlemen experienced in the difficult steps which constitute the Irish jig, might be seen dancing, with a vigor which showed that the strains of the miserable fiddler were dulcet sounds to them. In front of these tents groups might be seen, which, if Wilkie could have transferred to canvass, would have excited the admiration of all lovers of the pic-

turesque. The boys with their shellelans, the girls with their gowns pinned up behind them, dancing 'for the life';—the old men and women looking on with admiration at the *double shuffle*, and the *tee and heel*; the 'My! my!' and 'see that now!' as strongly expressed in their features as if the words were printed on their faces. Altogether, the groups exhibited a picture of Irish life which it was really worth a visit to Ireland to see. At six o'clock all this, most judiciously, was stopped. Before it was dusk, the Lord Mayor, accompanied by a strong body of police, entered the fair. They proceeded to each drinking-booth in succession, causing their inmates to come forth. A policeman was then placed at the entrance, and another at the rear; their duty was to prevent any one entering the tent. In this way, every drinking-booth was emptied and guarded; not a drop of spirits was sold in the fair after six o'clock; the consequence was, the drunken men were taken home in good time; and the ruffians who used to carry on their depredations under cover of the night, were prevented from exercising their vocation.

The amusement-booths continued open till ten o'clock. They were few in number; and all of fourth-rate character, presuming that to be the last degree of comparison capable of being applied to such exhibitions. One show, 'Batty's wild beast,' ranked a little higher.—It was a collection of a few animals, confined in small dens, which few could feel an interest in seeing, when they could visit the very interesting collection of animals, &c. at the Zoological Gardens in the Phoenix Park for threepence. One show was that of a pugilist. The proprietor pretended that he was an Englishman; but the brogue told he was from 'Cork.' The idea of seeing English boxers, however, attracted a good audience; the best part of the 'sparring,' however, took place outside. At another show, four 'dramatic entertainments,' as the man called them, were to be seen for two-pence; so we went in. It was wretchedly fitted up. The company were strolling-players from the south; and their appearance showed how miserably they were encouraged in the country parts. Previously to the performances commencing, one of the audience, a gentleman in liquor, clambered upon the stage, and favored the company with a jig, whistling the tune for himself. After the first piece—an incomprehensible rhyming tragedy,—a lady in dirty white trowsers came on to dance; but the gentleman before-mentioned, saying, 'Blor and 'oun's! he would n't see a lady dancing alone at all,' again mounted the stage from the pit. On this, the proprietor of the show also jumped up, and the lady retiring, a battle-royal ensued, to the great delight of the spectators, who evinced their satisfaction by frightful shrieks and howling. Victory remained for some time undecided; but, at last, the tipsy gentleman, making a false step from the stage into the pit, drew his antagonist

down with him, in consequence of having hold of his hair. When they once got to the pit, of course, the spectators took a part in the 'skrimmage'; and, finding the fight becoming general, we thought it advisable to make our escape, along with a few young ladies present, who had not the courage to stop and encourage the combatants from the raised steps called the gallery, as many did, with a most terrible screeching.

Amongst this, however, there was an evidence of the march of science. A showman, with a steam-engine, drew as many spectators as the prize-fighters; and the exhibition was very good for the fair. The only other show was a pictorial representation of 'say engagements,' and 'the battle of Waterloo.' Such an admixture of soldiers and sailors fighting together was never seen before. The old joke was really verified: 'Look to the right, and there you see Napoleon Bonaparte leading the French army. Look to the left, and there you see the Marquis Wellesley beating him from the field.' 'Which is Napoleon Bonaparte, sir? and which is Marquis Wellesley?'—'Whichever you please, my little dears; only don't breathe on the spy-glasses.'

This was Donnybrook Fair! At one or two whisky shops in the town and on the road there was a little dancing; but the excellent arrangements of the Lord Mayor for preventing riot and disorder had been made with so much prudence, that there was not the slightest tumult or confusion. We only met three drunken men on the road after eight o'clock.

The following is a portion of the celebrated Irish song, noted for its method of tracing a pedigree, as well as its description of the humors of Donnybrook Fair. It is called.

THE DONNYBROOK JIG.

Oh! 'twas Dermot O'Nolan M'Figg,
That could properly handle a twig,
He went to the fair, and kicked up a dust there,
In dancing a Donnybrook jig—with his twig.
Oh! my blessing to Dermot M'Figg.

When he came to the midst of the fair,
He was all in a paugh for fresh air,
For the fair very soon, was as full—as the moon,
Such mobs upon mobs as were there, oh rare!
So more luck to sweet Donnybrook Fair.

But Dermot, his mind on love bent,
In search of his sweetheart he went,

Peep'd in here and there, as he walked through
the fair,
And took a small drop in each tent—as he went;
Oh! on whisky and love he was bent.

And who should he spy in a jig,
With a meal-man so tall and so big,
But his own darling Kate, so gay and so pate?
'Faith! her partner he hit him a dig—the pig,
He beat the meal out of his wig.

The piper, to keep him in tune,
Struck up a gay lilt very soon;
Until an arch wag cut a hole in the bag,
And at once put an end to the tune—too soon—
Och! the music flew up to the moon.

The meal-man he looked very shy,
While a great big tear stood in his eye,
He cried, 'Lord, how I'm kilt, all alone for that
jilt;
With her may the devil fly high in the sky,
For I'm murdered, and don't know for why.'

'Oh!' says Dermot, and he in the dance,
Whilst a step to'ards his foe did advance,
'By the Father of Men, say but that word again,
And I'll soon knock you back in a trance—to your
dance,
For with me you'd have but small chance.'

'But,' says Kitty, the darlint, says she,
'If you'll only just listen to me,
It's myself that will show that he can't be your
foe,
Though he fought for his cousin—that me,' says
she,
'For sure Billy's related to me.'

'For my own cousin-jarmin, Anne Wild,
Stood for Biddy Mulroony's first child;
And Biddy's step-son, sure he married Bess Dunn,
Who was gossip to Jenny, as mild a child
As ever at mother's breast smiled.

'And may be you don't know Jane Brown,
Who served goat's whey in Dundrum's sweet town?
'Twas her uncle's half-brother, who married my
mother,
And bought me this new yellow gown, to go down
When the marriage was held in Milltown.'

'By the powers, then,' says Dermot, 'tis plain,
Like the son of that rapacious Cain,
My best friend I have kilt, though no blood is
spilt,
But the devil a harm did I mane—that's plain;
And by me he'll be ne'er kilt again.'

DUBLIN.

From the London Keepsake for 1842.

JEALOUSY.

BY SIR EDWARD LYTON BULWER, BART.

I have thy love—I know no fear
Of that divine possession—
Yet draw more close, and thou shalt hear
A jealous heart's confession.

I nurse no pang lest fairer youth
Or loftier hopes should win thee,—
There blows no wind to chill the truth,
Whose amaranth blooms within thee.

Unworthier thee if I could grow,
(The love that lured thee perish'd),
Thy woman-heart could ne'er forego
The earliest dream it cherish'd.

I do not think that doubt and love
Are one—whate'er they tell us,
Yet—nay—lift *not* thy looks above—
A star can make me jealous!

If thou art mine, all mine at last,
I covet so the treasure,
No glance that thou canst elsewhere cast,
But robs me of a pleasure.

I am so much a miser grown,
That I could wish to hide thee,
Where never breath but mine alone,
Could drink delight beside thee :—

Then say not, with that soothing air,
I have no rival nigh thee—
The sunbeam lingering in thy hair—
The breeze that trembles by thee—

The very herb beneath thy feet—
The rose whose odours woo thee—
In *all* things—rivals *he* must meet,
Who would be all things to thee!

If sunlight from the dial be
But for one moment banish'd,
Turn to the silenced plate and see
The hours themselves are vanish'd ;—

In aught that from me lures thine eyes,
My jealousy has trial—
The lightest cloud across the skies
Has darkness for the dial.

From the London Keepsake for 1842.

THE HAMMER OAK.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Honor to the Hammer Oak !
Never since the thunder broke
Over the old dark Druid woods,
Scattering wild Idolatry
From their awful solitudes—
Never since—never before,
Did a grander Savage soar
Up into the holy sky !

O ! dread sire, Antiquity,
What a peerless race was thine !
We, who dwell in the summer-shine,
Counting our luxurious days
But by the chime of idle lays,
Little know of thee or thine.

Why study we not thy glory
In the leaves of knightly story,
And bend all, admiring, down
To thy armed stern renown,—
Reading (as a learner reads)
In a scroll of mighty deeds)
Lessons, so to lift our own
Thoughts to that sublimer tone,
Which the antique soul became,
And bore it to the heights of Fame ?
Honor to the Hammer Oak !

Many an age hath swept away
Since (a sapling then) it 'woke
Underneath the Pagan day.
Since that time the world has swung

'Round upon its hinges hung,
Changing thoughts and things away,—
Driving darkness from the day,—
Humbling sinewy vulgar might
By the intellect's arrowy light,—
Bringing ill as well as good,
Both at times misunderstood ;
Fallen have despots, countries risen ;
Starry Truth hath burst her prison ;
The sword hath sunk beneath the pen,
And Candor 'neath the cant of men,—
Only the old Herculean Tree,
From century to green century,
Hath lived and flourish'd,—still the same,
With none to lift it into fame.

Now, then,—Honor to the Oak !
Ever let it rear its head,
Ay, though all its leaves be shed,
And its body dry and dead !

Let the woodman's felon stroke
Touch it not ; but let it stand
A lesson in this lonely land,—
A mark,—a moral,—hour by hour,
Of innocent, calm, enduring power,
A link, by generous Fortune cast,
To bind the Present to the Past,—
And telling a tale of ancient Time,
Better than e'en the poet's rhyme.